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### CODES FOR PRINCIPAL CITIES IN BRAZIL (55)

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Belo Horizonte	31	Goiânia	62	Salvador	71
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**Bell System**

## A Letter from the Chairman

In 56 years, only two men have served Time Inc. as editor in chief. The first, Henry R. Luce, founded this company. His successor, Hedley Donovan, gave it a second generation of editorial growth. On June 1, he retired from the company.

Donovan came to Time Inc. with a *magna cum laude* degree from the University of Minnesota plus an Oxford degree acquired as a Rhodes scholar. He put in five years as a newspaperman in Washington, then most of World War II in the U.S. Navy. A 1945 personnel memo details these and other qualifications, going on to note that "young Donovan is a handsome gentleman of 31, with blue eyes, a level gaze, a deep voice and a serious manner enlivened by a quick smile." None of that description needs to be changed today, except, inevitably and unbelievably, 31 has become 65.

Beginning as a writer on FORTUNE in December 1945, Donovan moved up to managing editor less than eight years later. In 1959 he was appointed editorial director of Time Inc. and in 1964 editor in chief.

Since then, his guidance and governance have been reflected in each of our magazines, in Time-Life Books and in the Washington Star as well. He helped transform Time Inc. from the largely personal domain of its brilliant founder into a publicly held, diverse company, while preserving, we feel, its essential spirit and broadening its range. With great strength of character and a formidable intellect, he guided our publications through the bitterly divisive years of Viet Nam and Watergate, reaffirming or changing editorial policy.

It was under Donovan's leadership that Time Inc., in a remarkable six-year burst of creative activity, gave birth to two new magazines, MONEY and PEOPLE, rebirth to LIFE, and turned FORTUNE from a monthly into a fortnightly.



Hedley Donovan



Henry Grunwald



Ralph Graves

Time Inc. has a long tradition of separating editorial responsibilities and business management. The editor in chief reports not to the chairman or president of this company but to the board of directors, which can exercise no immediate editorial supervision. Hedley Donovan's immense authority—sometimes delegated, never diluted—has kept that tradition inviolate. But, while it was unthinkable to poach on his editorial territory, his own profound judgment in noneditorial matters was often called upon.

Succeeding Donovan as Time Inc.'s editor in chief is Henry Grunwald, Viennese-born and TIME-nurtured. Grunwald began working for The Weekly Newsmagazine as a copy boy in 1944, while still an undergraduate at New York University. The following year he became a writer, advanced to senior editor—the youngest ever—at age 28 and to managing editor in 1968. After a nine-year tenure, during which the magazine changed considerably, he was appointed one of two corporate editors.

The other corporate editor was Ralph Graves, who now becomes Time Inc.'s editorial director, in effect, deputy to Grunwald. Graves, who joined us immediately after graduating from Harvard in 1948, was managing editor of LIFE between 1969 and 1972, and held other important editorial as well as publishing positions.

The legacy of the Donovan years is a rich one, most obviously in staff and resources, but, most important, in thoughtfulness, courage and excellence. I am confident that Grunwald will not only safeguard that legacy, but with the help of Graves and unmatched editorial talent on this and every other Time Inc. magazine, will further enhance it.

Andrew Heitfeld

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In this country, there are 7.7 million women who are sole heads of household. Their need for life insurance has always been obvious.

Of course, there are also millions of married working women who are joint heads of household. It's only been in recent years that the economic value of the housewife or the working mother has even been talked about.

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## Letters

### Dose of SALT

To the Editors:

Pray God that the honorable Senators realize that SALT II [May 21], despite its imperfections, represents a giant step for mankind as an initial move toward trust and disarmament.

Michael LaGrone  
Baytown, Texas

I find the SALT II treaty almost as useful as the pre-World War II Munich conference. The U.S. and U.S.S.R. will always make sure there are enough weapons around to destroy the planet.

Ed Hershman  
Chicago

Just what the doctor ordered: a dose of SALT II to avoid high blood pressure around the world.

Gene Wildman  
New York City



Should we in fact detect cheating by the Soviets, it is our word against theirs. Isn't such a situation more dangerous and liable to bring on a crisis than if we had secured more reliable forms of verification by being more stubborn and shrewd in our negotiations? Without the possibility of 100% verification, we are the big losers in the deal.

Robert P. Sternick  
Fullerton, Calif.

If Carter wants to go down in history as the savior of the world—and the time was never riper—let him make the bold-est move of all: experiments in unilateral disarmament. We can't go on forever piling up genocidal weapons.

Herbert Meredith Orrell  
Albuquerque

### On the Right Tracks

The Essay "The Sad State of the Passenger Train" [May 21] says it all. Let us hope that before the railroad tracks are replaced with sassafras bushes or asphalt

parking lots, we in the boondocks without supersonic transports will stand up and be counted for rail travel. For those who can't fly. For those who can't: please give us a choice.

Rachel Myers  
Bedford, Ind.

Our country should definitely stop, look and listen once more.

Louis D. King  
Iowa, La.

Most people who bemoan the passing of the passenger train haven't been on one in a decade, and wouldn't use trains no matter how efficient and comfortable they might be. We should point our efforts toward solving the problems of railroads as freight carriers, which is where they are best.

George F. Janecky  
St. Paul

### Antitrust Pros and Cons

Your conference on antitrust [May 21] mentions that Senator Edward Kennedy is sponsoring legislation to prevent mergers and takeovers because of size. In the next breath he is trumpeting legislation for a monopoly in health insurance. It is time to turn our trustbustler from Massachusetts loose on the Government.

Dave Crowther  
Aurora, Colo.

If the trust-dominated media and politicians would stop talking to each other and listen to the enraged public, they would know that social control of basic industry is the wave of the future.

J. Quinn Brisben  
Chicago

Unless we uncuff business, America is doomed. Capitalism cannot, in the long run, survive in a semicapitalistic state. It is the businessmen, not the politicians, who have raised the American standard of living to its unprecedented level.

Gene Donamico  
Rosedale, N.Y.

"Every man for himself," the elephants snort as they dance among the chickens.

Is bigness badness?

It is if you're a chicken.

Donnell L. Crain  
East Wenatchee, Wash.

### Second Opinion on Dr. Thomas

Dr. Lewis Thomas [May 14] wonders why Americans are so obsessed—"needlessly," he says—with their health. I will gladly tell him.

It is because the scientific establishment to which he belongs keeps warning us, every other day, it seems, of some new carcinogen that has been found in the air we breathe, the water we drink or the

food we eat. Under these depressing circumstances, hypochondria seems to me not only normal but inevitable.

Edward McNamara  
Danbury, Conn.

Modern medicine has a genuine hero in Lewis Thomas. We see ourselves proud by reflected light.

Robert L. Rader, M.D.  
Cobden, Ill.

### Praise from Buckley

Lance Morrow's Viet Nam roundup [April 23] was a remarkable experience, blending pyrotechnics and lyricism. Your readers are greatly in his debt.

William F. Buckley Jr., Editor  
National Review  
New York City

### What Is the Question?

Frank Trippett's Essay "A New Distrust of the Experts" [May 14] struck a responsive chord in me. As both private citizen and public official I've struggled with the decision as to which of conflicting "experts" to believe. Perhaps the essential element in choosing whom to believe is to decide what the question is. Is it truly a technical question or is it imbued with emotional and ethical content?

Thomas B. Baines  
Chamber of Commerce  
Tulsa

### Israel vs. the Palestinians

How does Israel intend to live with and have any peace with the Arab residents of the West Bank [May 21] if it constantly provokes and harasses the peaceful ones? It seems clear that the Israelis intend to choke off all but the violent Palestinian options so that they can label Palestinians terrorists, kill them and have world approval at the same time.

Raymond Porfiri  
Coral Gables, Fla.

"What were the Israelis trying to prove this time?" The answer is, nothing. Israel does not engage in arrogant, deadly games for fun but strives to defend its people, just as you would yours.

Malika Chosnek  
Corpus Christi, Texas

### Roaches and Reincarnation

While fascinated by your story on roaches [May 21], I was disturbed by the information that roaches predate human beings. That destroys my theory that roaches are proof of reincarnation.

Evelyn Z. McClave  
Washington, D.C.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



In Lexington High's discussion group, children whose parents have broken up talk over the pangs of marital failure

## American Scene

### In Massachusetts: "Divorced Kids"

**L**exington, Mass., is nearly country, nearly rich and near enough to Boston to attract a more or less upwardly mobile mix of residents: native Yankees, middle-management families from companies such as Raytheon and Polaroid, intellectuals from M.I.T. and Harvard. "You have the impression that everyone in Lexington has a fireplace in his bedroom," says one high school senior. The corollary illusion is that every house contains a happy, intact family. Yet an estimated 30% (no one knows for sure) of the students in Lexington's school system have suffered the effects of divorce. Despite the fact that divorce is now regarded as part of the American way of life, they feel they are aliens in their own culture.

On this wet afternoon, 16 students, ten to twelve years of age, are sitting in a circle at the Bridge Elementary School. They are all children of divorce. "It's just called a support group," says Frank Nelligan, the elementary school counselor who meets with this and similar groups once a week. Today one question before the group is whether a film on divorce that it has just seen should be shown to children whose parents are not divorced.

A girl says, "The kids whose parents are together will just say, 'Nah, my parents aren't like that.' Those kids aren't the kind who will listen. They will just tease and look at you funny." A boy earnestly explains: "Sometimes you are too scared to tell your friends. You might be ashamed." "Ashamed?" a counselor asks. A girl called Flora (the names of students are fictitious) stares at the floor and says, "Sometimes they say they are just going on a trip. I was upset. They lied." The point of this support group, the real usefulness of a school's becoming involved, is made clear when the counselor asks if there are any adults the kids feel they can talk to. He is answered by silence.

Helen, an older girl, is there to share

her experience with divorce. She is a member of a group—three years old and mostly girls, so far—at Lexington Senior High School. There are many services for divorced parents now, but so far only some two dozen such groups throughout the country for kids. The one in Lexington is known as the Divorced Kids Group, a name with more zest than, say, Children of Broken Homes Group, but not entirely satisfactory. Why should children define themselves by their parents' behavior? Howard Schofield, the counselor who started the group, feels the children's acknowledgment of their predicament is the first step toward feeling less helpless about it. Says Helen: "After all, the divorce is as much ours as our parents'."

The Lexington High group, led by a few Divorced Kids who have taken a credit course on peer group counseling, meets at lunch period. It is small—only about 30 interested students and nine really involved members, far less than the actual number of children whose parents are divorced. "Most won't join such groups," says Robert S. Weiss, a sociologist at the University of Massachusetts. "They are afraid people will gossip about them." Boys, in particular. "It's feminine for girls to be sensitive," says Helen. "For guys, it's sissy." At today's meeting a couple of seniors are groaning over a corny ballot for "senior superlatives"—Most Studious, Class Sweetie, Nicest Smile. These students maintain that drugs are not a problem; even drinking is now illegal under the age of 20 in Massachusetts. Sports and proms are the compelling interests. The '60s might never have been.

"Shall we tell you our situation?" asks Lorraine, who will be a group leader next year. They explain, carefully organizing their experiences into topics: new spouse, dealing with siblings, parental dating, blended families, role reversal, legal problems. Tentatively, painfully, they are

learning to describe the terrible, familiar ambivalence of teen-agers who are getting ready to leave home, in their cases, infinitely complicated by the fact that home has, in a sense, left them first.

Roles reverse. Even mothers who have reorganized their lives (and may be a little too evidently eager to get on with them) are seen by their old-fashioned children as needing protection. Julie, a senior caught up in the delicious dilemma of choosing between two Ivy League schools, says: "I had to take care of my mommy. We all get responsibility and grow up a lot quicker. We have to think and deal with the issues." "Really," agrees the group, using the word as a flat affirmative, this year's version of "Right on."

**O**ver and over, the Divorced Kids complain. "We don't know what's going on." It is hard to figure it out when the logical person to ask—a parent—responds by crying or throwing things. "It helps to talk to kids who understand," the group agrees. Any adult who has tried to explain a divorce to a happily married friend will understand what the kids call "the brick-wall effect." Happy people do not know, and will not believe, that the phrase "They fight" can mean a father who says, "If I see your mother I'll kill her"—and means it. Having to carry messages can mean being used as cannon fodder in support-check battles. College these days can cost \$8,000 a year, and the Divorced Kids urge each other to hire their own lawyer, if necessary, to make sure that tacit agreements are written down. Even as they protest, "My parents will never do that to me," they've all heard of the kid whose father cashed in her college savings account to support his new family. Even when parents show the most exquisite consideration, children feel betrayed.

When the talk gets too difficult, they protect themselves by glazing over. No



## American Scene

one picks it up when Simone says, "My mom keeps telling me to go ahead and live with my father. She couldn't insult me more." When a new girl explains that she learned of "her" divorce when her father put a debt-disclaiming ad in the paper, they all chorus: "Oh." "Ugh." "Yuck." "But so typical," Julie says. "My mother had this man living in the house. I felt as if I was in the way. She would agree with him about things she would object to if it were just us. Mothers don't want to rock the boat with men." "Really." Everybody agrees on that one.

Two boys, both named Paul, both juniors, come in. One admits his parents have separated only this week. "Isn't it a wonderful feeling, alone and left out?" laughs Martha, immediately sobering and repeating sympathetically. "Are you alone and left out?" "Yeah," says Paul.

The other Paul's parents were divorced some years ago. "I wish I had had a group like this then. My sister and I were the ones who stopped the fights. Now I get along with my stepmother better than my father. She's a lot younger." Lorraine exclaims. "Oh, that's excellent. She remembers what it's like to be young." His father, Paul reports, is "sliding toward middle age, about 42."

**M**oney is a big topic. "My father sends \$50 a month, and I never get to see any of it." "Oh yeah, money is such a bitch. I couldn't believe it; last night my father came over to pick up a table and my mother said, 'Children, your father has just stolen a table.'"

Fathers are all perceived as lonely. "Christmas, that's always a problem. You feel so guilty about the one you're not with." Fathers who in fact are not lonely are also a problem. "My father wants to marry this woman, and he takes her kids out for doughnuts on Sunday mornings. It really upsets my younger sister; he never did that with her."

The long divorced Paul wonders if anyone knows what causes divorce. They all do. Lorraine says. "The whole purpose in life for our mothers, even going to college, was to be married. I couldn't imagine getting married so soon." She demands to know why you should get married anyway. Just to have kids? Why not adopt? It might be unfair to the kid, someone suggests. Probably, kids need both parents, they agree, both role models, to learn about relationships. They concur, tentatively, that parents themselves might need both parents to raise kids.

But, presses Lorraine, "how could you ever live with someone for 20, 30, 50 years? How boring. How dull." Paul adds: "Like being in a cage." Yet not one of the Divorced Kids seems to agree with something that Helen said during her visit with the elementary school children: that sometimes "divorce can be a good thing." They are learning to live with it, but they will never learn to like it. Really.

— Jane O'Reilly

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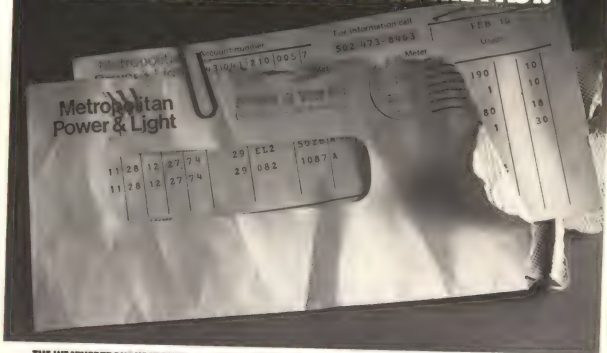
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Steel-Belted Radials • AM Radio (may be deleted for credit) • Tinted Glass • Protective Bodyside Molding • Full Wheel Covers • Rear Window Defroster • Front Bucket Seats • Deluxe Bumper Group • 2.3 Liter Overhead Cam Engine • 4-Speed Manual Transmission • Rack and Pinion Steering • Front Stabilizer Bar.

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Of course, all '79 model Pintos, like the '77s and '78s before it, have redesigned fuel system features, including a longer filler pipe, plus a gas tank shield.

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PINTOS SOLD  
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Tenneco's first well in the Baltimore Canyon area off the East Coast probes the seabed in water 443 feet deep. The Company plans further tests along the Atlantic Frontier.



Another Tenneco Venture:

## The Atlantic Frontier.

We're among the pioneers in this unexplored region, probing beneath the seas for tomorrow's energy.

Part of the solution to America's energy problems may be waiting thousands of feet beneath the Atlantic Ocean floor. No one knows where oil and natural gas may be, or how much there is, but Tenneco is investing millions of dollars in this search for new reserves.

Yes, there have been dry holes drilled in the area, but that was also the case with the Alaska North Slope before that major discovery—to cite just one example.

The potential gains are worth the risk. Success would add to the 82,000 barrels of oil and one billion cubic feet of natural gas Tenneco now produces daily. And it would help reduce our nation's dependence on imported oil.

In the Baltimore Canyon area of the Atlantic Frontier, off the New Jersey coast, we've paid \$40 million for interests in ten leases. We've already started drilling there, on our lease adjoining the only area where natural gas has been found so far.

We've also invested \$24 million for drilling rights on eight tracts in another Atlantic Frontier area—the Southeast Georgia Embayment off Georgia and Florida. We'll start drilling there later this year.

We're putting to work in the Atlantic everything we've learned in 20 years of drilling in the Gulf of Mexico. When Tenneco started in the Gulf, that area was still an energy frontier. Now, we are a leading producer of natural gas

in the area. And our success has helped us become one of the few companies to increase domestic natural gas and oil production over the past five years.

Tenneco is particularly committed to the search for natural gas because we operate one of the nation's largest pipeline systems. We are determined to keep supplies flowing through our 16,000 miles of pipeline, serving utility companies and their millions of customers in 24 states.

The effort to find more natural gas is urgent. Last year America consumed 19 trillion cubic feet; only 10-12 trillion were discovered. We must add to our nation's supply through increased domestic exploration. The more natural gas and oil we can find domestically, the less imported oil will be needed.

That's why Tenneco will spend more money for energy exploration and production in 1979 than ever in our history—about \$600 million.

Energy makes up two-thirds of our business, but Tenneco continues to supply other basic needs, like food, automotive components, chemicals, ships, packaging, and farm and construction machinery.

That's Tenneco today: growing in energy ...and more.

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# Tenneco

TIME/JUNE 11, 1979

## Saving Sense of Paranoia

*The DC-10 crash proves the need for constant vigilance*

**E**ven before the last bodies had been found, the detective story began. Federal investigators started poking through the smoldering wreckage of the DC-10 in the flame-seared field near Chicago's O'Hare Airport, collecting pieces of metal that colleagues later examined under electron microscopes. Their findings last week were enough to chill the most seasoned air traveler: the key elements that destroyed American Airlines Flight 191 and killed 274 people appeared to be a bolt 3 in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter, and a cracked metal plate. Both were parts of the pylon assembly under the left wing that held one of the plane's three engines.

The very contrast between the small parts and the ghastly consequences of their failure in the worst U.S. air disaster would have been troubling enough. But other events stemming from their discovery were also unsettling. The Federal Aviation Administration, the governing body of U.S. flight, quickly ordered inspections of all 138 DC-10s still flying for U.S. airlines. Ernest Gigliotti, 31, and Lorin Schluter, 39, two conscientious United Airlines mechanics, found metal filings as fine as dust on one DC-10 in Chicago. Suspicious, they did the natural thing: they shook the pylon. It was loose. The two men discovered 27 fasteners that held together part of the pylon were missing or sheared. They also found that the spar web, a key pylon support, was cracked. Gigliotti told the press, "Eventually, that pylon would have separated from the plane."

Two hours after learning of that discovery, the FAA grounded all DC-10s, the first time it had ever done so to a fleet of jetliners. The move immobilized 12% of the capacity of U.S. passenger planes and substantially disrupted air travel. By week's end ominous faults of various kinds—cracked plates, loose bolts—had turned up in the pylons of 36 of the inspected aircraft. After repair, one got back into the air, with FAA permission, joining 102 found to have no defects. But Philip Hogue, a member of the National Transportation Safety Board investigating the American crash, said that he thought the planes should have been kept in hangars until the cause of the disaster had been more fully determined. Would he fly on a DC-10 as a passenger? Answered Hogue: "No, I would not."

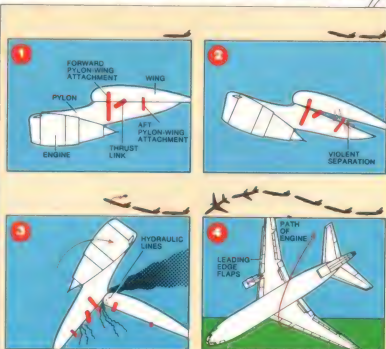
The probe into the American crash

seems certain to lead to a broader and deeper investigation, going all the way back to the initial design of the DC-10 by McDonnell Douglas Corp. and its certification by the FAA. The Government's recommendations about the DC-10 will largely depend on what the NTSB's crash detectives eventually find to be the "probable cause" of Flight 191's crash. The accident left no survivors to interview, and the cockpit voice recorder disclosed only two sounds after the routine checklist readings: an unexplained thud and the single word "Damn!" shouted by the pilot or co-pilot, apparently just as the engine tore away from the wing.

For a few days, the NTSB put all of the blame on a broken bolt that search-

ers found beside the runway. It was one of five that held the pylon to the wing, and officials thought it had snapped because of "metal fatigue"—the progressive weakening that results from repeated stress. One investigator even christened it "the murdering bolt." But electron microscope studies showed the bolt had been broken by a sudden, violent strain. Meanwhile, a crack had been found in the plate that formed the aft bulkhead.

Investigators theorize that as the plane rolled down the runway, the pylon wiggled and vibrated far more than normal. Why is not yet known; the cracks in the plate may have caused—or been caused by—the vibration. In any case, the stress snapped the rear

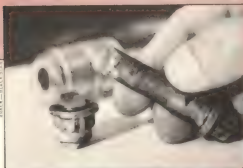


**The Last Minute of Flight 191**

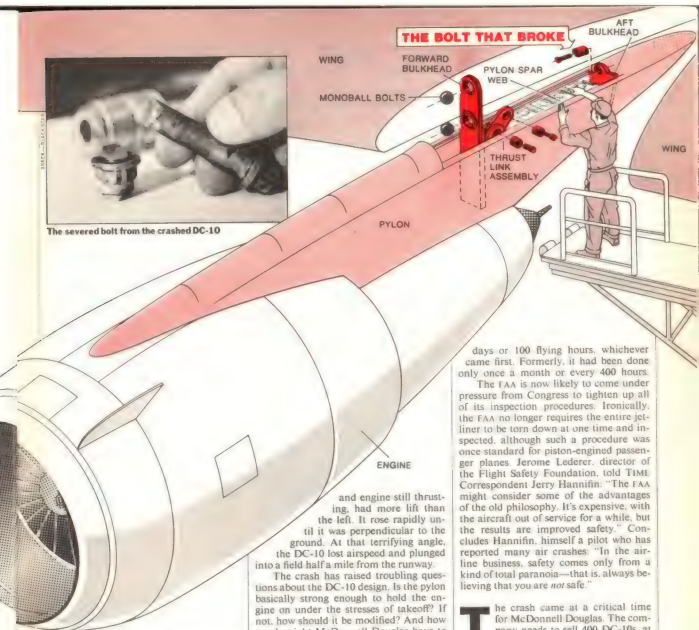
1. Left-wing pylon-engine assembly at start of takeoff run.
2. Attach bolt breaks under stress at lift-off, and engine and pylon start to rip free of the wing.
3. Engine and pylon continue to rise, apparently striking and damaging the wing.
4. DC-10 rolls left in part, investigators theorize, because the leading edge flaps designed to aid lift are damaged on the left wing but remain operative on the right. The pilot cannot control the imbalance. The plane noses down and crashes.

TIME Diagram by Nigel Holmes





The severed bolt from the crashed DC-10



## THE BOLT THAT BROKE

"attach" bolt and it fell out. The remaining bolts could not hold the 20 tons of thrust being generated by the General Electric CF6 engine. It yanked itself and the pylon loose from the wing and took off on its own.

The rising engine and pylon, possibly trailing yards of metal "spaghetti," apparently tore through the skin of the wing. When the engine flew off, it carried away the pumps for one of the plane's three hydraulic systems. The engine may also have cut through hydraulic lines in the front of the wing. In either case, fluid necessary to maintain pressure on controls spilled out. The leading-edge flaps that were extended from the front of the wing to supply extra lift on takeoff may have been struck and damaged by the engine. Or the lack of hydraulic pressure to keep the flaps out may have permitted air pressure to push them back in. Now, the undamaged right wing, flaps still extended

and engine still thrusting, had more lift than the left. It rose rapidly until it was perpendicular to the ground. At that terrifying angle, the DC-10 lost airspeed and plunged into a field half a mile from the runway.

The crash has raised troubling questions about the DC-10 design. Is the pylon basically strong enough to hold the engine on under the stresses of takeoff? If not, how should it be modified? And how much might McDonnell Douglas have to pay for it? (A new pylon costs approximately \$500,000.)

As the probe went on, the NTSB asked the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to study the long-term effects of vibration and acoustics on engine pod and pylon attachments in all superjets, including those flown by the Air Force. If the NTSB eventually finds the DC-10 pylons are too weak, it could recommend that the plane be grounded again until they are strengthened or replaced, and the FAA most likely would issue such an order.

Also being critically examined last week were the procedures of the FAA, which writes the rules for inspecting jetliners and then supervises the work. There was a growing suspicion that the FAA may have relaxed too much, lulled by the fine safety record of jetliners. Shortly after the broken bolt was discovered, the FAA stipulated that pylon inspections had to be repeated every ten

days or 100 flying hours, whichever came first. Formerly, it had been done only once a month or every 400 hours.

The FAA is now likely to come under pressure from Congress to tighten up all of its inspection procedures. Ironically, the FAA no longer requires the entire jetliner to be torn down at one time and inspected, although such a procedure was once standard for piston-engined passenger planes. Jerome Lederer, director of the Flight Safety Foundation, told *TIME* Correspondent Jerry Hannifin: "The FAA might consider some of the advantages of the old philosophy. It's expensive, with the aircraft out of service for a while, but the results are improved safety." Concludes Hannifin, himself a pilot who has reported many air crashes: "In the airline business, safety comes only from a kind of total paranoia—that is, always believing that you are *not* safe."

**T**he crash came at a critical time for McDonnell Douglas. The company needs to sell 400 DC-10s, at \$40 million each, to recoup the \$1 billion development cost and begin turning a profit, perhaps in 1981. By last week it had delivered 281 DC-10s around the world; airlines have placed firm orders for another 58 and taken options on 70 more. That would bring the total to just over 400, if none of the options were canceled. None were last week; indeed, Varig airlines of Brazil ordered five more DC-10s.

The events set in motion by the crash of Flight 191 will not be settled for months or even years: the effect on the company and on the FAA; the insurance claims, which at a conservative estimate are likely to exceed \$100 million; possible changes in the DC-10 itself. But one part of the story is over. Last week the NTSB finished raking through the debris at the crash site. One final pass was made with metal detectors. It turned up a set of keys and a wedding ring. American Airlines then seeded the field with grass.

# The Sky Is Falling on Washington!

*So it may seem to Jimmy Carter as he plunges further in polls*

**N**ot until late this month, at the earliest, is the falling Skylab expected to shower the earth with red-hot debris. From the White House last week, it may have looked as if Skylab were arriving early. President Carter's public standing in the polls was still dropping, to an all-time low for him of 37% in the latest nationwide Gallup survey and to an almost unbelievable 11% in Mervin Field's California Poll. The gasoline lines that

seemed to be lessening in California began appearing in New York. A new round of Middle East oil price increases heralded still worse days ahead, both in the gas lines and for the nation as a whole (see **ECONOMY & BUSINESS**).

Apparently without any new ideas for confronting the nation's economic troubles, Carter did his best to sound confident. At a press conference, his 50th since taking office, Carter declared that

he had "no intent to back down" on the Administration legislation blocked in Congress. He added that he is undismayed by the stampede among Democrats to draft Ted Kennedy as their candidate for President in 1980: "No President can expect to have unanimous support." His "difficult" decisions on energy, inflation and foreign policy, Carter said, have cost him votes, "and if I should ever modify my positions away from what's best for the country in order to pick up support, then I would not deserve to be President."

Far from accepting any blame for the drift in Washington, Carter called on the public to complain to Congress. "The American people are beginning to feel that their own Government can't deal adequately with crucial issues, like inflation and like energy," said Carter, just as though he had little part in that Government. Until the public gets aroused, he added, "we're going to have difficulty in Washington getting action taken."

Two days later, Carter tried to patch up relations with the oil industry. He hastily assembled 15 executives in the Cabinet room for a session that a White House aide said would plot "how we can best manage the projected gasoline shortfall this summer." The President also wanted to know why prices were rising so fast. For two hours, the oilmen gave him their version of the crisis. The gasoline retailers blamed the oil producers for zooming prices at the pumps. Sniped Victor Rasheed, president of the Virginia Retail Dealers Association: "There has been some price gouging, perhaps, by the oil companies." The oil producers, in turn, blamed the problem on a shortage of crude, chiefly caused by cutbacks in pumping by the OPEC nations. Gulf Oil Corp. Chairman Jerry McAfee urged "that we avoid finger pointing and



## All the President's Money

**W**hile Jimmy Carter's political fortunes have been waning, his financial fortune, which is in a trust managed by Old Friend Charles Kirbo of Atlanta, has been doing just fine. Last week, in a public accounting required by the 1978 Ethics in Government Act, Carter disclosed that he has become a millionaire. With assets of \$1.2 million and liabilities of \$221,000, including \$1,500 in unpaid bills, the President computed his net worth as of Jan. 1 at exactly \$1,005,910.25. That was up from \$795,357.74 a year earlier, chiefly because of the rising value of 2,000 acres of farm land that Carter owns in Sumter and Webster counties in southwestern Georgia. The President had a comfortable income last year of \$267,195, including \$250,000 in salary and expense money from the Government. His autobiography *Why Not the Best?* brought him more than \$20,000 in royalties, most of which he plans to donate to unnamed charities. Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter paid \$89,805 in federal taxes. They ended the year with \$2,554 in U.S. savings bonds, \$7,855 in a checking account and \$228,750 in savings accounts.

According to the statement, the Carter family peanut

business, which is 62% owned by the President, ran \$73,572.44 in the red last year, after losing more than \$300,000 in 1977. From the thriving family farm, which is 91% owned by Carter, Kirbo made loans of \$250,000 to the warehouse and \$250,000 to Billy Carter. The farm land that Billy pledged as collateral was promptly assumed by the trust, apparently as a face-saving way to free him from the debt.

During the year, the President and his wife received gifts worth \$100 or more from 68 donors. Included were a crossbow from Admiral Wladyslaw Adamowski of Poland, a handmade Cherokee Indian headdress from Iron Eyes Cody of Los Angeles, a 32-cassette tape recording of the Koran recited by Mahmoud El Husary of Cairo's Islamic Academy, and a vermeil chain with 62 gold peanut pendants from Frank Sinatra's daughter Nancy. All of the gifts were turned over to the Government, with five exceptions: a Norman Rockwell book from the Boy Scouts of America, a limited edition of Poet James Dickey's tribute to composer Aaron Copland, two Cherokee Indian clay pots, 600 to 800 years old, and two brass barometers, one from Kiwanis International and the other from the Naval Academy's class of 1978. In such stormy times, keeping two barometers is surely justifiable.

name calling that does nobody any good."

Carter reminded the executives that he was decontrolling domestic oil prices in phases, beginning last Friday, and expected that they would pump more crude from their U.S. wells in return. Everyone at the meeting agreed with Energy Secretary James Schlesinger that the U.S. would "remain on the ragged edge of supply" for five to ten years. There was no agreement, however, on the short-term outlook for gasoline. The White House insisted that the shortage will ease in June, but three major oil companies have already cut allocations to dealers for that month by 10% below 1978 deliveries.

**N**ext day, Carter spent an acrimonious 90 minutes in the same room with 27 representatives of consumer and environmental groups. They attacked his decision to decontrol domestic oil prices as inflationary and a boondoggle for the oil industry. They urged him to change his mind. Equally adamant, the President told them to "abandon your efforts." Then, according to a participant, he went on to attack Mobil Oil Corp. as "the most irresponsible company in America." Mobil wants Carter to continue price controls on existing domestic oil production but let oil from future discoveries be sold at the world price.

Carter tried to regain support among House Democrats, who were partly responsible for scuttling a watered-down version of his stand-by gasoline rationing plan and who have threatened to overturn his plan to decontrol oil prices. The President took eleven of the leaders and their wives to Camp David for an evening of blunt talk. Two key figures were missing from the session: House Speaker Tip O'Neill and Majority Leader Jim Wright, who pleaded other engagements.

Carter's political lieutenants, meanwhile, were pulling and tugging his reelection campaign organization into shape and trying to make his troubles sound like virtues. Boasted Evan Dohelle, chairman of Carter's campaign committee: "We haven't done one thing in this Administration that has gotten us votes. Every issue that Jimmy Carter has taken on has lost us votes." For weeks, the President's aides have spent their weekends on what they call "commando raids," trying to line up political talent and funds for him across the country. They have raised more than \$750,000 but have signed on few party pros, most of whom are remaining uncommitted until Ted Kennedy comes forth with a definite yes or no on his own plans for 1980. Carter's operatives have also opened campaign headquarters in two key states: Iowa, which will hold the first presidential caucus, on Jan. 21, and New Hampshire, which will have the first state primary, on Feb. 26. In both states, however, Carter runs far behind Kennedy in the polls. Said New Hampshire Democratic Chairman Romeo Dorval of Carter: "The people want to have confidence in their leaders, but right now they don't have any."

## "We Love You"

### *New view of the Viet Nam vet*

**T**he young man in the wheelchair began speaking softly, but then his voice turned bitter. His tone and words hushed the crowd at the city hall ceremony in Manhattan marking the beginning of Viet Nam Veterans Week. "You people ran a number on us," declared Robert Muller, 33, a former Marine lieutenant who lost the use of his legs in Viet Nam combat when a bullet shattered his spine. "Your guilt, your hang-ups, your uneasiness made it socially unacceptable to mention the fact that we were Viet Nam veterans." Pounding his knee with a clenched



Carter with Vietvet Muller in the East Room

"The nation is ready to change its heart."

fist, he accused most Americans of regarding G.I.s who fought in Indochina as "Lieut. Calley types, crazed psychos or dummies that couldn't find their way to Canada. That really hurts when you remember the pride we had. We fought hard and we fought well."

Muller's bitterness reflected the widespread and justified feeling among the nation's 8.8 million Viet Nam-era veterans, especially the 2.8 million who served in Southeast Asia, that they have been treated much less sympathetically and generously than servicemen from previous wars. There are growing signs, however, that the national mood is changing. The standing ovation that Muller's tough talk received in Manhattan was one indication of that.

So was Jimmy Carter's moving speech at last week's White House ceremony observing Veterans Week. To an East Room audience composed mostly of Viet Nam vets, including Muller, Carter said that "the nation is ready to change its heart, its mind and its attitude about the men who had fought in the war."

After admitting that not enough has been done "to respect, honor, recognize and reward [your] special heroism," the President said: "We love you for what you were and what you stood for—and we love you for what you are and what you stand for."

Welcome as they are, warm words alone will not satisfy the vets. Various groups, such as the Ad Hoc Committee of Viet Nam Veterans, are organizing to fight harder for better education benefits, job training, health and readjustment programs. Muller, who is executive director of the Council of Viet Nam Veterans and the emerging spokesman for the movement, wants vets in more key Government positions. He notes that "only five of the 700 'policy' posts filled by Carter have gone to Vietvets." There is also growing concern in the Government about veterans' allegations that Agent Orange, a defoliant used during the war, might have inflicted serious injuries on servicemen exposed to it.

Agreeing that more must be done to aid the veterans of Viet Nam, Carter has pledged to support extending the G.I. Bill of Rights and promised to push for special vocational rehabilitation programs for the disabled. Capitol Hill too has been demonstrating a new attitude toward the vets. One reason may be that the number of Viet Nam veterans in Congress now totals 19. Last week, after having rejected a somewhat similar Senate bill four times in the past eight years, the House voted 342 to 0 to appropriate \$16 million for psychological, alcoholic and drug counseling for Viet Nam veterans.

## "Life Is Hell"

### *Second thoughts on Viet Nam*

**T**he full-page ad that appeared in five major dailies last week recalled the impassioned antiwar protests of the 1960s. Only this time the target of the former activists was not the U.S. but the North Vietnamese regime that many of the protesters used to defend. The ad accused the Communist state of arresting, imprisoning and torturing thousands of innocent Vietnamese: "For many, life is hell and death is prayed for."

Chief organizer of the protest was Folk Singer Joan Baez, who sent a letter to 350 onetime activists and celebrities asking them to sign the ad. Among the 84 who did: Daniel Berrigan, Cesar Chavez, Allen Ginsberg, I.F. Stone, William Styron. Others, however, turned down Baez on the grounds that they suspected the accuracy of the reporting out of Viet Nam or that they still could not forgive the U.S. for its role in the war. Jane Fonda would not sign even after a personal appeal from Baez. William Kunstler, perennial attorney for underdog litigants, reportedly explained his refusal: "I do not believe in public attacks on socialist countries, even where violations of human rights may occur."

# The Least Awful Option?

Concern about a "limited" nuclear war

**T**he outbreak of nuclear war has long been regarded as a virtually suicidal exchange in which the U.S. and the Soviet Union fire thousands of atomic warheads at each other, obliterate both societies and kill scores of millions. But what if one side attacked with conventional weapons and the other retaliated with just three or four nuclear missiles? How would the first nation react to that?

This kind of contingency planning for a less than total war, sometimes called the "least awful option," is attracting attention among civilian defense experts serving congressional committees. Even Secretary of Defense Harold Brown admits that while "we should remain skeptical

War, released last month by the Office of Technology Assessment. An arm of Congress, the OTA analyzed several levels of nuclear exchange. Among them was a classic case of controlled nuclear war: an attack on U.S. oil refineries by ten Soviet SS-18 missiles, each carrying eight warheads of one megaton force. Such an attack would destroy an estimated 64% of U.S. petroleum-refining capacity, along with railways, petrochemical plants, and storage facilities near the refineries.

While the Russians would primarily be aiming at economic targets, according to the study's script, their attack would take an enormous human toll because U.S. oil production facilities are near Los

fire fighting." A major problem would be the treatment of the tens of thousands of third-degree burn victims. At present, notes the report, the combined facilities of all U.S. hospitals can treat no more than 2,000 cases of severe burns.

The extent of suffering would depend on several variables. Example: if the attack were to take place on a clear summer weekend afternoon with most people outdoors, the number exposed to direct thermal radiation would be 25 times greater than if it were a cold winter night with most people inside their homes.

To retaliate for the strike without escalating the conflict, Washington might order a ten-missile attack on Soviet oil refineries. The OTA evaluates a case in which the U.S. fires three Minuteman IIIs, each carrying a trio of warheads that can deliver a 170 kiloton explosive force, and seven submarine-launched Poseidon missiles that carry a total of 64 warheads, each with a 40 kiloton force. The attack instantly destroys 73% of Soviet refining capacity. But because the U.S. weapons are less powerful than Soviet warheads, there is less general damage. Between 1 million and 1.5 million people would die.

Having thus traded blows inflicting roughly equal economic damage on each other, Washington and Moscow might pause and decide to start negotiating. This, at least, is the argument for having a capability for waging limited nuclear war. It could buy time and prevent Washington from facing, at a moment of confrontation with the Kremlin, the dilemma of having either to capitulate or to order a massive atomic attack. But there is an obvious, enormous danger. Once the military nuclear threshold is crossed, there is no guarantee that the momentum can be controlled to keep the exchange limited. Warns Secretary Brown: The use of "any nuclear weapons... carries a very high risk, though not the certainty, of escalating to a full-scale thermonuclear exchange."



A rising fireball illuminates the Nevada desert during a 1957 nuclear weapons test. Survivors would be "in a state of shock... their lives disrupted."

about small-scale nuclear demonstrations," the U.S. should preserve "the capability for a small-scale demonstration."

What has prompted renewed thought about "limited" nuclear war is America's gradual loss of its vast superiority over the U.S.S.R. in strategic weapons. The essential equivalence in nuclear arms today means that Washington probably could not check a limited Soviet provocation by threatening a massive attack on the U.S.S.R. But a U.S. threat of limited nuclear retaliation might—just might—deter a Soviet blockade of the Persian Gulf's oil-shipping lanes, for example, or an invasion of a NATO ally.

Even if an atomic exchange could be kept limited, of course, it would be horrifyingly destructive. This is the conclusion of a study entitled *The Effects of Nuclear*

Angeles, Chicago, New York and other large cities. In the first hour after the strike, more than 5 million Americans would be killed by searing heat, explosive force, high winds, fire and crumbling buildings, if the Soviet warheads exploded aboveground. (Airbursts suck up relatively little debris to settle back to earth later as radioactive fallout.) If the Soviet missiles were detonated at ground level, immediate fatalities would drop to about 2.9 million, but an additional 312,000 would die soon afterward from fallout.

In the week following the attack, says the OTA report, those living near the targets would be "in a state of shock, with their lives disrupted and further drastic changes inevitable... People would face many immediate tasks: care of the injured, burial of the dead, search and rescue, and

## Flipping Finale

Or, diplomacy at its best

**E**ven after seven years of SALT negotiations, a couple of questions of protocol still remained unsettled on the eve of the Carter-Brezhnev signing ceremonies in Vienna, June 15-18. Specifically, which nation should host the first of the two state dinners? And in which embassy would the first business meetings occur?

David Aaron, deputy assistant of the National Security Council, settled these weighty matters by flipping a coin with Counselor Alexander Bessmertnykh of the Soviet embassy in Washington. The coin: a U.S. quarter. "Eagles," called the Russian. Eagles it wasn't. So the first day's business meetings and dinner will be held at the U.S. embassy.



## Sloppy Derby

*Lots of mud and money*

John Y. Brown knew how to sell a chicken, that was for sure. The encyclopedia salesman bought Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried operation and parlayed it into an empire that he sold for an estimated \$35 million profit. But even with all his money and with the help of his new wife, TV Personality Phyllis George, it was unclear whether he could sell himself as the nominee for Governor to the Bourbons, thoroughbreds and mountain boys of Kentucky.

After all, the field of nine in the Democratic primary last week offered stiff competition. There was Dr. Harvey Sloane, the articulate and capable former mayor of Louisville. Outgoing Governor Julian Carroll, whose administration has been tainted by scandal, was backing his former commerce commissioner, Terry McBrayer. Spunky Lieutenant Governor Thelma Stovall had strengthened her own



John Brown and famous wife celebrating

*"A skunk," said one of his critics.*

candidacy by calling a special legislative session to consider tax cuts. As the pack turned into the home stretch, the mud started to fly. Governor Carroll took to the stump to attack Brown, once a close friend, whom he accused of refusing to release his income tax returns in order to conceal his gambling debts. Even Colonel Sanders let it be known that he regarded Brown as a "skunk."

Brown countered the attacks by escorting his diamond-studded Miss America wife into the hill country and substituting television blitzes and phone banks for local organizations. He spent more than \$1 million of his own money on the campaign. Glamour and greenbacks proved a winning combination, giving Brown 29% of the vote; Runner-Up Sloan received 24%. But former Governor Louie Nunn, the Republican nominee, is a street-fighter who will give Brown a tough race. His first salvo was to call his opponent "a snake-oil salesman."

## The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

### Toward a Peanut Butter Car

It is just possible that historians may look back some day and decide that the best idea to come out of Jimmy Carter's first term was—of all things—Transportation Secretary Brock Adams' challenge: "Reinvent the car."

The survival of the U.S. as we know it rests on our ability to use less fuel and yet preserve the nation's circulatory system. The auto industry, running at about \$100 billion a year, after some grouching has joined the reinvention deliberations. The Government is preparing to take part in a \$100 million research program. Reinventing the car has become part of the political and economic language since Adams first proposed it last Dec. 5.

The idea has been in the back shop for years. What Adams did was bring it up in the right place at the right time. It is now policy.

"What bugged me," says Adams, "was the misuse of the automobile in this city." Day after day, he went to work bumper to bumper, crawling at 5 m.p.h. to 15 m.p.h. around the Kennedy Center, burning gas, inhaling everybody else's fumes. He was caught in a monstrous mechanical snake, frustrated and angry. The insurance costs on his own 1971 Ford station wagon and 1973 Maverick jumped. A battery went dead one rainy morning, and he had to drive unshaven to Sears for a replacement. There was a line, so he had to take a number, like somebody at a meat market. The waiting seemed to take forever. Waste, waste. Why, why?

About then the Secretary got an invitation to talk to the Detroit Economic Club. In the past, aspiring Davids have found that their stones merely bounced off the skulls of those Goliaths who make cars. In that den, lions get eaten by the club members.

Why not give it to them straight? thought Adams. He had just arrived at a critical conclusion. The transportation policy of the previous decade had been based on the flawed idea of persuading Americans to get out of their cars and use other forms of transportation. The data before him showed it could not be done short of a threat of extinction. Also, his problems of the auto industry convinced him that there was more research in sales and promotion than in the mechanics of making cars. "Go back to 'cut and try' engineering," he told his astonished audience six months ago. "Revive Henry Ford the First's tactic of pitting one engineering team against another."

Henry Ford's grandson was contemptuous. "Like trying to cure cancer in five years," he grumped. "Brock wants to repeal the laws of thermodynamics," said a man at General Motors. "A peanut butter car," hooted the *Wall Street Journal*, recalling a dream from earlier decades that some day anything—even peanut butter—could be used as fuel. One auto engineer said they already had "a bellows car" powered by Secretaries of Transportation turning a handle that shot hot air out the back.

Brook persisted. He assembled skeptical experts in February, hung on his wall the Detroit *News* cartoon showing him as a heavenly messenger hovering with tire and spark plug and saying, "Don't just stand there! Invent something!" And the realities of oil began to change minds. Hundreds of engineers and scientists gathered and debated the prospects. They made out a report that went to the White House, concluding that major breakthroughs in engines, fuels and structures were possible.

Here and there one can hear the experts mutter that maybe by 1990 we can have mass production of clean, comfortable, safe cars that average 50 or even 75 miles to the gallon. History is working for Adams' challenge. Enough people around Detroit remember Henry the First's caustic reminiscence in the 1920s. Said Ford: "All the wise people demonstrated conclusively that the new gas engine could not compete with steam."

Detroit has enough trouble without being caught scoffing at an idea that could change the nature of the city's underlying industry.



Secretary Adams gets the word from Henry Ford II

# Not So Quietly Flows the Don

The Mafia memoirs of Joe Bonanno are seized by the law

**O**merità. The Sicilian code of silence. Nothing is more central to the Mafia mentality. Nothing, that is, except perhaps the tragic flaw of most men of power: pride.

Joe Bonanno may indeed be the proudest of America's Mafiosi: Sicilian-born, son of a don, bootlegger at 21, gunrunner for Al Capone at 24, a New York don himself at 26 and a ruthless aspirant to the title of *capo di tutti capi*, boss of all bosses. So at age 74, supposedly sunning out his years in Tucson, "Joe Bananas" began writing the story of his life. His tentative title: "The Prince of the Honored Mafia."

One bright morning last March, a force of FBI agents and state officials swarmed into his Tucson home with search warrants as the don, still in pajamas, looked on helplessly. They went directly to the secret paneled *buco*, or hiding place, in his bedroom and fished out 250 pages of his memoirs. State agents quickly photocopied them. Bonanno became so agitated he threw up.

For more than a month, the FBI has been analyzing the notes. The early reviews are favorable: "It was a trove of Mafia intelligence," says one Arizona official. TIME has learned that the manuscript reflects Bonanno's scorn for the Mafia's current commissioners, scalawags who were mere car thieves and moonshiners when Bonanno and four others established the Mafia ruling commission in 1931. They are unworthy of association with a royal Bonanno, writes Cosa Nostra's foremost snob, who claims to have had an audience with a Pope and a handshake with President Roosevelt.

In the '60s, Bonanno's scorn for his colleagues on the commission got him in trouble. He invaded their territories and ignored their calls for conciliatory meetings. And finally, the other dons believed, he schemed to kill three of his rivals, Stefano Magaddino, Carlo Gambino and Thomas Lucchese. In his memoirs, however, Bonanno is all innocence. He was merely trying to talk to them. "Carl [Gambino] and Tom [Lucchese] ... [were] told that I was going to kill three—a dirty and desperate conspiracy."

Believing, probably correctly, that Bonanno's motives were more sinister, the commission decided to move against him. Bonanno writes that Sam Giancana of Chicago, Angelo Bruno of Philadelphia and Santo Trafficante of Tampa were appointed to do the job. Bonanno was kidnapped by two gunmen near his lawyer's Park Avenue apartment. Referring to himself by his initials, Bonanno confirms the theory that he was held captive near



Author Bonanno

New York City while the commission debated his fate: "J.B. was kidnapped, kept in [illegible] house on parkway, 18 months."

Ironically, Bonanno used a legalistic ploy. He writes: "They [the commissioners] didn't have any official authorization because J.B. was official member of commission. J.B. was head of the committee who elected the commission every five years. The five years was already passed and

they were all out as J.B. was the only official to call for a new election."

Sages of the brotherhood were summoned from retirement to refute Bonanno's version of how the commission was set up. Reluctant to cross J.B., the tottering dons were no help. In the end, Bo-

nanno was offered a deal: retire to Tucson in return for his life. He accepted, but in a few months was back in business with his narcotics and other rackets.

Many of the details of these recent activities were already in the hands of the law. Twice a week, beginning in 1975, a van would pull up to the Bonanno home and switch the plastic bags of garbage with similar-looking refuse. The authorities would then piece together Bonanno's torn-up notes from phone conversations, which recorded everything from the supplying of pizzeria equipment to concealing records from a grand jury (for which he is awaiting trial in San Francisco).

The dons were aghast when they learned that the authorities had seized Bonanno's book. An emergency meeting was called near Fort Lauderdale, but no decision was reached. The Mafia commission—established to "make law, to settle trouble, and to guarantee justice for all"—once again did not know what to do with the proud old man who liked to write his own rules, and his own history.

## "Assault"

A federal judge is shot

**I**n the sultry morning heat, U.S. District Judge John H. Wood Jr., 63, walked out of his San Antonio town house to drive to court. Suddenly a sniper's rifle shot rang out. Struck in the small of the back, he wheeled slowly around and collapsed. His wife Kathryn rushed to his side and found him dying. He was the first federal judge to be murdered since 1867.

Appointed to the bench by President Nixon in 1971, Wood had earned the title "Maximum John" because he handed out stiff sentences in the many drug cases in his district, which stretches from San Antonio to El Paso. In 90 cases involving heroin traffic, he gave out maximum sentences in 65 and never




Judge John Wood

granted probation. He was often reversed and occasionally criticized for his rulings by the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. On July 23 he was scheduled to preside over one of his most important trials, that of Las Vegas Gambler Jimmy Chagra, who has been charged with conspiracy to import and distribute thousands of pounds of marijuana and cocaine. His attorneys asked Wood to remove himself from the case, arguing that he was prejudiced, but the judge refused.


"An assault on our very system of justice," President Carter called the crime. The U.S. Justice Department sent 40 FBI agents and 25 U.S. marshals to San Antonio to join forces with the local police. So far no leads have been disclosed, though some witnesses to the shooting said that they saw one or possibly two dark-skinned men fleeing from the scene in a red foreign-made car.




Police trying in vain to revive victim after he was shot in front of his San Antonio town house "Maximum John" was famous for long sentences and no probation.




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COVER STORY

## Leading from Strength

*A man called "the Doer" heads a proud, prosperous nation*

It was an anniversary that passed without fanfares or triumphalism. May 23 marked the 30th birthday of the Federal Republic of Germany as a democratic country. Six days earlier, the 518 members of the lower house of parliament had assembled inside Bonn's Bundeshaus—a white, flat-topped, modern building with none of the grandeur of other, older European parliaments. Under a 30-ft. backdrop of the national insignia, a black eagle with spreading wings, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt took the podium. Sturdy-looking as a Hamburg dock, chin set squarely as a chopping block, he methodically reviewed the state of his nation three decades after its occupation by the three Western Allied powers that defeated Nazi Germany in World War II. The Federal Republic, he said, had unparalleled economic development, democratic security at home and high prestige abroad,

détente in the traditional tinderbox of Central Europe. At one point in his speech, Schmidt said something that could not help stirring the silent emotion of every deputy in the chamber. Said he: "We, the older generation, should stop perhaps for just a moment, and with a bit of astonishment, say to ourselves, this nation already has its own history. And it is, I believe, the best and most dignified part of German history."

Few Europeans with long memories would quarrel with that freeze-frame assertion; it seemed to crystallize the strong new sense of national identity and self-confidence now emanating from Bonn. Long reluctant to exercise a leadership equal to its political and economic strengths, West Germany has finally come of age as a Continental power. Much of the credit for this belongs to Helmut Schmidt. More than any other postwar

Chancellor since *der Alte*—the late Konrad Adenauer—Schmidt has shouldered his way into the front row of international leaders and has increasingly shown that he is not afraid to play a great-power role. Thanks largely to Schmidt's imposing political skills, says one ranking British diplomat, "the West Germans have moved from an occupation mentality to an independence of mind."

Last week Schmidt was preparing to fly to the U.S. for a four-day "private" visit that would include an important bit of unofficial summitry in Washington. President Carter has scheduled roughly three hours of talks with the Chancellor, who will also meet with congressional leaders and breakfast with National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. In addition, the U.S. public will be able to take the Chancellor's measure when he fans out to give three major speeches in

Eye to eye and chin to chin, Chancellor Schmidt and President Carter test each other at the Guadeloupe summit of Western leaders last January





his fluent, almost unaccented English: at Columbia, S.C., where he will attend a centennial celebration for the late former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes; at Harvard, where he is to deliver the main commencement address and receive an honorary doctorate; and at the American Council on Germany, a foreign affairs organization in New York City.

Carter and Schmidt have a number of critical issues to discuss, ranging from energy and economics to defense and détente. Perhaps most of all, the two leaders need to improve their personal rapport. Says one Washington policymaker: "Let's face it. Our relations with West Germany have not gone as well as they could over the past 2½ years." The President and the Chancellor have had a severe "chemistry" problem. As one White House official puts it, "The two get along when they are together; the problem is when they're apart."

Schmidt in the past has scarcely concealed the personal animosity and near scorn he feels toward Carter. He has made frosty comments about Carter's "preachy fanaticism" on human rights and his "narrow evangelistic approach" to the problem of nuclear proliferation. The President's turnabout on the neutron bomb, when he suddenly stopped plans to develop the weapon after imploring West European governments to accept it into the NATO arsenal, deepened Bonn's suspicions about the Administration's capacity for leadership. Actually Schmidt could not escape a share of the responsibility in the neutron bomb affair, having stonewalled Carter's urgings in the first place.

When the dollar went on the skids last year, Schmidt's view of what he regarded as Carter's unpredictability and vacillation became downright disdainful: "What sort of a government is it that lets its country's currency go to hell?" he is said to have asked American visitors in Bonn.

Reciprocal suspicions were aroused on the U.S. side when Bonn cautiously dragged its feet about reflatting its economy in order to serve with the U.S. and Japan as a "locomotive" of the world economy. Schmidt stirred up other apprehensions about what Washington regarded as West Germany's self-centered approach to economic problems. A key example: Schmidt's vigorous campaign for the European Monetary System, which, except for the British pound, ties European Community currencies together within a narrow band of fluctuation. The scheme was originally devised as a protective measure for Europe against the gyrations of the dollar. But as the deutsche mark became an increasingly popular reserve currency in the treasuries of many countries, some economists suspected Schmidt was chauvinistically trying to create a "mark zone" that would eventually rival the dollar's dominion in international finance.

The diplomatic friction between Washington and Bonn eventually led to



Schmidt cups an ear and Britain's Margaret Thatcher shields her eyes at press conference

fears that Bonn's assertively independent approach, which French Pundit Raymond Aron dubbed "Gaullism in a minor key," might prove a threat to Western solidarity. The first hint that West Germany might possibly be distancing itself from NATO was delivered by a leading figure of the left wing of Schmidt's own Social Democratic Party. Just as General Alexander Haig and other NATO commanders were warning about the Soviet Union's ominous military buildup, the S.P.D.'s parliamentary floor leader, Herbert Wehner, insisted that Moscow's moves were "defensive and not offensive." Wehner argued against the deployment of U.S. Cruise and Pershing II nuclear-tipped missiles on West German soil to counter Soviet intermediate-range weapons not covered by SALT II.

Schmidt, whose personal commitment to NATO is unquestioned in Washington, managed to squelch Wehner and reassure his European allies. But the dovish words from S.P.D. leftists could not help raising the specter of a West Germany one day seeking a "special relationship" with the Soviet Union at the expense of the West, perhaps in the name of the dormant but enduring long-range goal of reunification with East Germany.

Administration officials hope that the worst in Bonn-Washington relations is over. They and the West Germans also insist that the deep root of the relationship—a shared belief in a strong defense as well as in continued détente—remains as sound as ever. Nor is Washington unhappy about West Germany's unabashed new global role. In fact it would be content if that role continues to grow. Says one Administration planner: "We don't want to push the Germans. But insofar as they feel comfortable with a position of greater leadership, we can encourage it."

Gratified by the active part that Bonn has played in European affairs, the Administration hopes Germany will also play a larger role in collective efforts to resolve the Cyprus crisis, mitigate the iso-



With his predecessor, Willy Brandt



With France's President Giscard

*A new sense of national identity.*

lation of President Anwar Sadat, and work out a solution for Namibia. Nonetheless, substantial issues are at the top of the agenda that face the Chancellor and the President when they meet. Items:

**European Defense.** Schmidt favors SALT II; with White House encouragement, he is expected to promote the treaty on his speaking tour. The Chancellor, however, is concerned about the Soviet intermediate-range missiles, which are not covered by the treaty and thus fall into a "gray zone." They have confronted him with West Germany's traditional dilem-



Ships queue up to unload in Hamburg's crowded, bustling harbor on the North Sea

ma as the point-country on the frontier of divided Europe, namely, how to balance the strengthening of NATO against Bonn's continuing *Ostpolitik*—the policy of "opening to the East" launched a decade ago by Schmidt's predecessor, Willy Brandt. That is why Schmidt is reluctant to allow the U.S. to station its counter-missiles on West German soil unless other NATO countries also agree to do so.

**Nuclear Policy.** In his disastrous first meeting with Schmidt, Vice President Mondale attacked West Germany's agreement to sell nuclear reactors to Brazil. That controversy has cooled by several degrees. While the deal with Brazil has not been canceled, Schmidt has agreed not to sell reprocessing technology to Third World countries until the International Nuclear Fuel Cycle Evaluation program deals with the issue later this year. On domestic nuclear energy, Schmidt and Carter share a common problem: namely, the rising public concern about the safety of nuclear power plants.

**Economic Worries.** Despite the improved performance of the dollar in recent months, Schmidt is seeking assurances that the Administration will continue its efforts to support the dollar and will bring U.S. policy on energy consumption under control. With about a third of its G.N.P. dependent on exports, West Germany is more sensitive than most countries to global economic stability. Schmidt and Carter want to compare their notes for the June 28 Tokyo economic summit that both men will attend. For its part, the U.S. is seeking stronger West German commitments to help with the financial rescue of two vital allies: Turkey, which is on the verge of bankruptcy and vulnerable to political upheaval, and Egypt, which has been politically and economically isolated from the rest of the Arab world since signing the peace treaty with Israel.

One additional factor makes the Schmidt visit especially important. The Chancellor arrives a week before the East-West summit in Vienna, where Carter

will confront Brezhnev face to face for the first time. Schmidt has met the Soviet leader twice, most recently in May 1978. Carter wants to elicit every tip he can: how to judge Brezhnev's moods, how to broach touchy subjects, and most of all, how to deal with his shaky, if not sinking, health.

As the two leaders meet, they find themselves in quite different political positions. Schmidt enjoys a popular support at home that is probably more solid than that of any other major Western leader. His approval rating is often as high as 70% in the polls, which he watches as closely as any other modern politician. Carter has not scored that well since his election. In terms of international prestige and influence, West Germany is certainly a nation on the way up. Many West Germans believe their country's ascendancy is due partly to a conscious decision by Schmidt to take up the slack of what he has perceived as weak U.S. leadership that has diminished global confidence in the Carter Administration.

The emergence of West Germany as a self-confident power has been a natural evolution—the product of an enlightened policy by the Western Allies after World War II that reinforced Teutonic diligence

and determination. In 1945 Hitler's thousand-year *Reich* lay in ruins. Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfurt and Düsseldorf were reduced to jagged piles of debris. The Allies' "carpet" bombing had blighted the industrial heartland of the Ruhr Valley and the transportation facilities of the whole country. It was a country with millions of homeless refugees, without leadership and with a heritage that had to be rebuilt from scratch.

Having already sent millions of dollars' worth of goods as stopgap relief, in 1948 the U.S. embarked on the Marshall Plan and over the next four years systematically distributed some \$12 billion in economic aid to Western Europe—including West Germany. That rescue program, perhaps the most costly humanitarian effort in history, fueled the industrial revival of the country, made Americans highly respected in Germany at the time, and is still vivid in the memory of a grateful older generation.

Risen from the wasteland, and painfully adjusting to its collective guilt about the Hitler era, the Federal Republic for years remained reluctant to assert itself. Adhering scrupulously to the democratic rules and confines of their postwar constitution, West Germany's 61 million people busily created the most stable big society in Western Europe. The limitations on rearmament obviously helped the Germans, as it did the Japanese, to concentrate resources and energies on export industry instead of defense.

Yet even within the prescribed quotas for military manpower and non-nuclear weaponry, West Germany also built a standing army of 489,000—the largest, best-equipped and most disciplined in Western Europe and second only to the U.S. and Turkey in the NATO alliance. That military machine faces an enduring dilemma: it has to be strong enough for the defense of Central Europe, but never so strong as to provoke the Soviet Union's obsessive fear of a re-nascent, militaristic West Germany. "We must be cautious," says Defense Min-



West German soldiers on a Leopard tank take part in a NATO exercise

Not allowed the luxury of withdrawing into a bystander role, like a grand duchy.



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## World

ister Hans Apel. "Neither in Eastern nor Western Europe can we create the impression that we are longing for a special military position. On the other hand, we are not allowed the luxury of withdrawing to the bystander role of a grand duchy. We must be involved, but not overinvolved."

So long as the memory of German militarism hung in the Continental atmosphere—alongside Soviet supersensitivity about the guns of Bonn—it seemed imperative not to make waves. It was far safer for West Germany to think of itself, in the European context, as a banker than as a politician, and certainly not as a general. Willy Brandt recounts that John Kennedy once asked him to tell him candidly how Germans perceived themselves. Brandt's blunt answer: "Of course, I hold my head up high, but inside I bow and scrape."

Five years ago, Brandt, the idealistic crusader for *Ostpolitik*, was forced to resign as Chancellor after one of his closest aides, Günter Guillaume, was arrested as a spy for East Germany. Along came Schmidt, and the new West Germany is progressively spreading its wings with little apology. Its self-confidence has been amply demonstrated, and not only in open defiance of U.S. preferences on a variety of key issues. Pursuing a more active diplomacy in the Third World, Schmidt has ranged far afield: earlier this year he visited Brazil, Peru and the Dominican Republic, leaving no doubt that he means to expand West German commerce in Latin America. Increasingly Schmidt has been cutting the most forceful figure at European Community summits. Says a Danish diplomat ruefully: "If the Germans don't agree, it can't be done in the E.C."

**T**he launching pad for West Germany's political takeoff has been there all along: its rock-solid economy, second only to that of the U.S. in the industrialized West. The *Wirtschaftswunder* (economic miracle) of the '60s and early '70s continues. Last year West Germany had another immense trade surplus, \$21 billion; its gross national product is expected to grow more than 4.5% in 1979, and despite the rising cost of oil to a country that produces almost none of its own, inflation will probably not exceed 4%, by far the lowest figure of any major Western economy.

Unemployment is also down, from

5.9% in early 1976 to the present 3.8%. The jobless figure has remained remarkably low despite the country's profound restructuring of key industries, which, as in the rest of Europe, have come under pressure from low-cost foreign competition. West Germany's textile industry is now oriented to high fashion, steel toward high-grade specialty alloys, shipbuilding away from supertankers to small, specialized vessels. Unlike many other industrial countries, West Germany foresaw the problem of competition and moved swiftly.

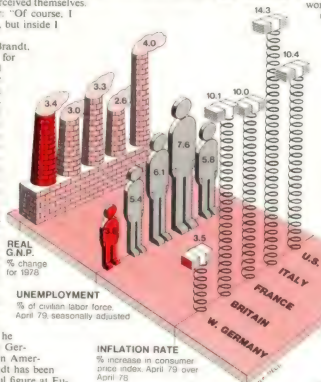
It drew on the workaday cooperation among management, labor and government that has long been a touchstone of the country's stability. While Britain, for

art galleries, 60 opera houses, 96 orchestras and 200 legitimate theaters. West Germany has its own new wave of film makers—Rainer Fassbinder, Werner Herzog, Wim Wenders—whose reputations as cinematographic cult figures rival those of the Truffauts and Godards who starred in France's *Nouvelle Vague* of the '60s. Director Volker Schlöndorff won top honors at the Cannes Film Festival last month for his film version of Günter Grass's classic, *The Tin Drum*.

**F**or all its burgher prosperity and bustling stability, West Germany is not without problems. The burden of the unemployment falls mainly on the *Gastarbeiter*, the 3.9 million "guest workers" and their families imported over the years from Turkey, Yugoslavia, Italy, Greece and Portugal to do the menial jobs that West Germans disdain. As jobs have become scarcer, more than a million *Gastarbeiter* have been repatriated, either by inducement or expulsion: the remainder live in alienated poor in urban ghettos, cut off from the rest of society.

The Teutonic obsession with internal security has raised concern about the "Ugly German" on occasion. Throughout its largely successful campaign against the wave of terrorism by the notorious Red Army Faction, the federal government refrained from overreacting and jeopardizing civil liberties. During the whole period, Schmidt acted coolly and shrewdly. First of all, he had the sense not to call army troops out into the streets, which would have alarmed Germans and other Europeans alike. When he did use troops, in 1977, it was to launch the dramatic commando raid that rescued a hijacked Lufthansa airliner at Mogadishu.

In 1972, however, parliament passed a controversial "job ban" aimed at barring extremists and members of the minuscule Communist Party from all public jobs by means of a system of excessive "loyalty" checks. The law has since been modified and now exempts individuals who may have belonged to extremist organizations in the past but are no longer members. Abroad, the residual "Ugly German" image has not been dissipated by the 26 million West German tourists who annually seek the sun (vacations for industrial workers average 4½ weeks a year); as travelers, Germans often come on strong, flaunting their deutsche marks, in



instance, still suffers from class conflict. Germany already had a limited form of worker participation in management as early as the Weimar Republic. In his state of the nation speech, Schmidt singled out the trade unions in particular for their "admirable wisdom and sanity." Schmidt's friend and only rival as the leader of the E.C., French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, has often cited West Germany as a model for his own country's economic development.

In part because it can well afford to, West Germany has also produced something of a cultural resurgence. More than \$1 billion a year, perhaps the biggest cultural subsidy in the world, is spent by state and federal authorities to finance an aesthetic amalgam of 800 museums, 1,600



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## OLYMPUS

## World

the old image of the American tourist.

Helmut Schmidt has said, "It will take 50 years to forget the Nazi past." Yet West Germans have progressively tried to come to terms with it. The turning point was Brandt's act of atonement in 1970, when he knelt before a memorial in the Warsaw ghetto to victims of Hitler's Holocaust. The Nazi issue arises periodically; the election two weeks ago of Christian Democrat Karl Carstens, a former Nazi Party member, as West Germany's new President provoked protest demonstrations by left-wing groups dressed in mock Nazi uniforms. It was clearly a milestone in national adjustment when the TV series *Holocaust* was shown throughout the country earlier this year. The series provoked no serious protest, as might have happened in the past. Instead, for the first time, national soul searching about the Nazi period was brought out in the open in an intense public debate.

**O**ne inheritance of the past that sociologists and pundits detect is a surprisingly strong undercurrent of dark insecurity that runs beneath the gleaming material surface. It is evident in the mood of uneasiness among students. It is regularly reflected in a brooding quality that characterizes Germany's new plays, novels and poetry. In many subtle ways, it affects the citizen at large. Says Richard Lowenthal, professor emeritus at Berlin's Free University: "The citizens of West Germany live more securely than at any time since 1914, but they do not feel secure." However, the uncertainty produces a beneficial impulse: to refresh the democratic institutions constantly because they are never quite taken for granted. But it also shows that the Germans will not soon, if ever, get rid of the *Angst* that has inhabited the Teutonic soul since the Lutheran Reformation.

No one better personifies the confidence, and complexes, at work in today's German society than Helmut Schmidt. "He has all the positive and negative German qualities, and this explains his enormous popularity," says one Bonn bureaucrat. "We are thrifty. Cleanliness and order are still our most valued virtues. We tend to organize everything. Our industriousness is both admired and deplored by foreigners. And we are arrogant. The whole German mentality can be seen through Helmut Schmidt." Adds University of Cologne Sociologist Erwin Scheuch wryly: "Schmidt is an above-average average German."

His popularity, which regularly runs far ahead of his own Social Democratic Party, is also due to his broad political placement. Schmidt is an internationalist, a liberal on most social issues, and a strict economic conservative when it comes to guarding against



Schmidt weekendng with Wife Loli

inflation—even if that means curbing welfare spending. As he put it during a recent visit to London to meet Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher: "I am not a socialist. I am a democrat." In light of his sound-money, free-market policies, many politicians have observed that he might seem more at home in West Germany's conservative Christian Democratic Union than in his own S.D.P. In fact, a number of key C.D.U. parliamentarians murmur privately that they dearly wish they had him as leader of their party.

Schmidt is a magnetic speaker and skilled television performer. Characteristically, most West German politicians tend to shout down at their audience, as though thunder were persuasive, and to gesticulate like bandleaders. Schmidt carefully modulates his resonant baritone voice and paces the words in his crisp North German accent. His rigid grip on the lectern seems to convey a firm hold on the tiller of the ship of state. As he moves

into a crescendo, he is apt to whip off his glasses with a flourish, as though to meet each spectator eyeball to eyeball. Franz Josef Strauss, 63, the burly leader of Bavaria's ultraconservative Christian Social Union, calls Schmidt "the Federal Actor." Helmut Kohl, 49, the hapless C.D.U. chairman who was deposed last week as his party's candidate for Chancellor in the 1980 elections in favor of the more dynamic Ernst Albrecht, 48, grumbles sarcastically: "If I were half as beautiful as beautiful Helmut, I would have an easier time in politics."

To Germans who admire his churning drive and nuts-and-bolts expertise as an economic manager, Schmidt has become "the Doer." Some of his most devoted followers call him "Super-Schmidt." But there are also many who are critical of his notoriously quick fuse and slashing insults. This has earned him yet another nickname: "Schmidt the Lip."

Even the Chancellor's closest supporters admit he has a vanity and impatience that can blister into arrogance. In his clockwork Cabinet meetings, he thinks nothing of cutting off the first digression with a knife. "That's not pertinent!" He once complained about Ludwig Erhard, who succeeded Adenauer as Chancellor, that "talking with him is like trying to nail Jell-O to the wall."

**C**ontrol and practicality are Schmidt's watchwords. Sixteen-hour days of budgeted, systematic labor are normal for him, and he often brings home stacks of buff-colored dossiers to read until two or three in the morning. Even so, Schmidt is what Germans call a "Morgenmuffel," one who hates to get up in the morning. At the London economic summit in 1977, not suspecting that it might further damage their personal rapport, Carter invited him to a 7 a.m. breakfast. Schmidt was appalled.

It is a rare occasion when he can relax at home with his wife of 36 years, "Loli."

Their modest residence, situated on the Rhine within sight of the Chancellery, is furnished in modern-functional style and decorated with expressionist and impressionist paintings. Bookcases are filled with volumes on history and economics. Schmidt occasionally relaxes with a mystery story, preferably by Agatha Christie, plays Bach or Mozart on a large electric organ, or challenges his wife at chess and double solitaire. He hates to lose at chess, as well as politics; when he does, he is apt to rail at his own "stupidity" for making the wrong move.

Although no athlete, Schmidt at 60 is vigorous and trim: 5 ft. 8 in., 172 lbs. A chain-smoker of mentholated cigarettes, he drinks no alcohol except for dutiful sips at a dinner or reception. He never refuses a cigar, however. Devoted



Visiting his father at home for the elderly

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*Peter Accetta*

Peter Accetta  
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## World



The Ruhr city of Essen in ruins in 1945

to his 90-year-old parents, whom he visits at a home for the elderly near his beloved Hamburg, he unfailingly sticks the proffered cigar in his pocket to take to his father. Schmidt and his wife spend every weekend possible in Hamburg. On summer holidays at their cottage on a lake in northern Germany, they are joined by their only child, Susanne, 31, an economist like her father, who works for the Deutsche Bank branch office in London.

Schmidt originally planned to be an architect. Instead, in 1937 at the age of 18, he was drafted into the Wehrmacht and served with an antiaircraft unit that fought on both the Eastern and Western fronts. After being commissioned a first lieutenant, he was captured at the Battle of the Bulge and held as a prisoner of war for six months in Belgium. Earlier, he had joined the Hitler Youth, as did every other boy in his school. His submissive stance is said to have privately troubled Schmidt in later years. Returning after the war to the devastation of Hamburg, he abandoned architecture to study political economy because, as a friend recalls, "considering the scope of the task of reconstruction, he believed he could be of more use."

In 1949 Schmidt graduated at the top of his class at the University of Hamburg. While still a student, he joined the S.P.D., partly because his schoolteacher father had been a lifelong member. A successful stint as a whiz-kid interior minister in the Hamburg local government at 31 earned him national recognition. In his first try in 1953 he was elected to the Bundestag. In 1969, after two years as S.P.D. Bundestag floor leader, he entered Brandt's national Cabinet as Defense Minister. By the time Brandt began to lose his political authority Schmidt was West

Germany's internationally regarded Finance Minister and the Chancellor's increasingly powerful stand-in. "When occasionally Willy wouldn't show up, it seemed perfectly natural that Helmut would take over the sessions," a Cabinet colleague recalls. Just as naturally, when Brandt resigned after the Guillaume scandal, Schmidt took over as Chancellor.

As popular as he is with the public, Schmidt does not have correspondingly dominant control over his own government, which is a coalition of his own S.P.D. and the middle-road Free Democratic Party. In the surprisingly close 1976 elections, the S.P.D.-F.D.P. coalition ended up with a greatly reduced majority—253 out of 496 voting seats in the Bundestag. Although F.D.P. today has only 40 seats in the Bundestag compared with the S.P.D.'s 224, the F.D.P. can, and does, exercise disproportionate power in the coalition. With four key portfolios in its hands, the F.D.P. can make its voice heard in major policy decisions. Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, for instance, does not always agree with Schmidt; he is currently concerned that Bonn is perhaps too soft toward the Soviets and too tough toward the U.S.

Schmidt also faces a division within his own party, provoked mainly by Wehner's small but militant left-wingers. They are unhappy about the F.D.P.'s disproportionate power. In addition to their dovish stand on European defense, the leftists also differ with Schmidt on nuclear energy and social welfare policies, which, they complain, have too often been compromised for the sake of limiting inflation, and for the sake of accommodating the F.D.P.

Schmidt is almost as popular in other Western European countries as at home. Nonetheless, there is a lingering fear behind lots of closed government doors that the Chancellor just might be, or become, too strong; that the goblins of West Germany's past could emerge to influence its Continental behavior. Other Europeans still have deep memories of the Germany of the past and, fairly or not, wonder if the new West Germany ever acts entirely in the present.

Not that they expect a resurgence of authoritarianism: the proven solidity of West Germany's democracy persuasively rules that out. Rather, they point to other experiences that have contributed to West German insecurity, like the devastating inflation of the Weimar Republic in 1922-23, which helps explain the German obsession with maintaining the value of their currency.

One senior British diplomat who admires Schmidt complains that the new West German leadership is still too narrowly focused on national interest instead of international cooperation. Says he: "We haven't yet seen the wider vision. It is still 'German First.' And the German stand—like Scarlett O'Hara's vow that 'I'm never going to be hungry again'—

is 'We are haunted by inflation.'"

Italian Economist Nino Andreatta, a leading planner for the Christian Democrats, blames West Germany for holding back Western European recovery because of its excessive fear of inflation. One Italian foreign ministry official goes further, saying that West German policies have actually slowed down the process of recovery, and complains that "we have told Bonn this many times but to no avail."

The West German answer, in brief, is that inflation for economies is a killer disease. Otmar Emminger, head of West Germany's equivalent of the U.S. Federal Reserve, uses a different image: "Inflation is like a dictator," he says. "It must be fought before it becomes established, or it is too late." A German warning about dictatorship has a certain authority about it.

If Europeans were to "stop a moment" as Schmidt asked on the 30th anniversary, they might see through the clear glass of the present that the postwar achievements of West Germany he listed are already far more than anybody could have expected. Even those Europeans who quibble with Bonn's economic policy know that the country that turned the Ruhr into the peacetime turbine of Europe should be more than capable also of becoming more outward looking and less tightfisted, given time. Many are willing to bet on it, and therefore to welcome the growing West German power. "What disturbs us is to have a power vacuum in Western Europe," says Italian Author Luigi Barzini, one of the Continent's shrewdest pundits. "It's as if this were a circus without a lion tamer. That is dangerous. So, by and large, we would not be terribly disturbed if the tamer were West Germany."



The thriving, reconstructed Essen of today

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### Another Better Idea from Ford Motor Company.



# An Interview with Helmut Schmidt

"Wars may become possible for the single reason of competition for oil"

"Germany is one of the medium powers of the world. It is a non-nuclear power. It is in a lower class than the United States, the Soviet Union, France, the United Kingdom and others."

Always sensitive to historic European misgivings about the Germans, Helmut Schmidt is careful to play down Bonn's emerging political strength. But last week, as he ranged across a series of other global and strategic questions in an exclusive interview with TIME, Bonn Bureau Chief William Mader, the Chancellor himself sounded every bit like a great-power leader. Excerpts:

**Q.** What should the consuming nations be doing about the energy crisis?

**A.** No. 1, we have to educate our societies and induce our economies to conserve energy to a much greater degree than we so far have been able to bring about. One of the most important instruments in so doing is to let people feel the fast-rising real costs of energy. Second, to a growing degree we have to replace oil by other primary resources of energy, especially coal and nuclear energy. Foreseeably, we will within the next one or two decades get into a worldwide debate about the irrevocable consequences of burning hydrocarbons—whether oil or coal or lignite or wood or natural gas—because the carbon dioxide fallout, as science more or less equivocally tells us, results in a heating up of the globe as a whole. This leads to the third point, namely the necessity to put up rather large sums of money in order to develop scientifically, and from the engineering side, sources of energy like nuclear, geothermal, solar energy, all of which enable us to avoid the CO<sub>2</sub> consequences.

And this leads me to a fourth point: I have the feeling that we have not seen the ultimate maturity of nuclear energy as yet. I think the fast-breeder question, linked as it is with the question of reprocessing,\* should not be decided right now. We need some more years to decide that one. In the meantime, we have to keep that option open. Of course, this entails two other questions in the energy-political field that deserve closest attention: 1) international precautions or safeguards against proliferation of weapons-grade material, and 2) processing security, whether it is reactors, reprocessing, fast-breeders or the stowaway business for the remnants.

I would like to make three footnotes. No. 1, as regards processing security, I have asked for an international evaluation of the Harrisburg incident, in order to bring about greater safety in all our countries. Second, I will stick to the nonproliferation treaty Article Four, [which states that] every country in the world has the undisputed right to the peaceful use of nuclear en-

\*The problem involves both cost and nuclear proliferation. Plants for fuel reprocessing are large and expensive. Fast-breeders in the reprocessing plants produce plutonium that can be used in building weapons.



ergy. And third, I will point to the great danger that if nuclear energy is not developed fast enough, wars may become possible for the single reason of competition for oil and natural gas. And I think that the scarcity of oil and the rising prices for crude, which are a menace to the functioning of our economies, can lead to wars. This problem has to be understood as a grave one for the last two decades of this century.

**Q.** Do you believe that force, if necessary, should be used to secure oil supplies for the West?

**A.** I hate that I have to be quite frank in answering this one. I have deplored these utterances.

**Q.** What is your response to reports that West Germany is drifting away from the Atlantic Alliance?

**A.** That notion is being nurtured by people who for domestic reasons either fight my government in Bonn or fight the Carter Administration in Washington. It has been invented as an instrument in order to criticize the actual policies of the Carter Administration or the Social Democratic-Free Democratic coalition in Bonn. The malevolent intention of such rumors is obvious. It is also obvious that the *raison d'être* of the Federal Republic would be lost if and when my country lost its strong sense of belonging within not only the Atlantic Alliance but also within the European Community.

One will, at the same time, have to bear in mind the geostrategic situation of my country, being nearest to the territories in which you have big Soviet armies in Europe. One will also have to bear in mind the facts that Germany is divided and that West Berlin is in a particularly sensitive situation. Therefore, for ten years it has been the policy and strategy of my country to use our strong foundations within the Western community as a basis from which to try—and so far not unsatisfactorily—to ease the situation for the people living in a divided nation, to ease the situation especially toward the Eastern neighbors of Germany. In other words, not to let the East-West relaxation of tensions or détente circumvent the Central European situation.

**Q.** What is your assessment of Soviet military strength?

**A.** I have been in politics for more than a quarter of a century. Within that quarter of a century I have repeatedly heard voices that talked, sometimes in an even alarmed way, about the oncoming military superiority of the East. It never has materialized. I remember very clearly Jack Kennedy's talk, before he became President, about the so-called missile gap. I recall the race between the U.S. and the Soviet Union in the fields of rocketry and satellites. In the end—and this is the experience of a

## World



REUTERS/STERN

quarter of a century—the West has always been strong enough to make it understood that we would defend ourselves very effectively. Therefore I don't have any inferiority complexes right now about Eastern military power.

**Q. How would you evaluate West Germany's political strength internationally in relation to its military and economic strength?**

**A.** The economic strength of our country is sometimes grossly overestimated. The German economy is strong in itself, it is solid. On the other hand, it is only one-fifth or one-quarter of the volume of the American economy. The strength of the deutsche mark is envied sometimes, sometimes applauded and hailed, but one must not delude oneself. It does not mean that the Germans can buy the whole world. The Americans could buy, more or less, the whole world.

One can understand this very clearly if one looks to the Swiss franc. The Swiss franc is even a stronger currency than the deutsche mark, and the Swiss economy is even stronger than the German economy, but nobody would ever believe that for this reason Switzerland is a world power. Swiss defense is first-rate, but nobody would ever believe that for this reason Switzerland is a world power. To sum it all up: Germany is not a world power, it does not wish to become a world power.

But I will not deny that taking all into account, Germany politically is much stronger today than it was ten years ago, 20 years ago. There is no doubt about it. Fifteen years ago, a prominent West German politician used to quip that Germany economically was a giant but politically was a dwarf. I don't think that this holds true any longer. But I am rather cautious that nobody in Bonn overplay Germany's hand. There still is the unique vulnerability of this divided nation. There still is the sensitivity of all our neighbors in Europe, who well remember what was done to them in the German name under Hitler.

**Q. What are the greatest problems facing the world economy?**

**A.** There are three. The first is the general notion in most countries, including the Communist countries, the developing and industrial countries alike, to consume more than we produce and to fill in the gap by printing money. [That leads to] inflationary monetary policies as well as inflationary fiscal policies.

The second factor rather suddenly broke upon all of us, namely, the oil price explosion and the insight that energy would become rather scarce much more quickly than anybody had foreseen. It misled a number of governments to seek refuge—because they had to pay high energy prices—in printing even more money and creating even more inflation. This led to an upheaval in the fabric of the world economic system. I would prefer not to call it a system any longer. It is more a constellation than a system. At least it is a very unsystematic system.

Third, a number of developing countries today produce their own steel and their own ships, not to mention their own textiles. This has led to the necessity for a rather wide-ranging re-

structuring of industrial capacities and professional capabilities in the developed world. This process is not going fast enough.

**Q. How important is SALT II to East-West détente?**

**A.** Let me ask the question: How would the world change if SALT II failed or were not ratified on the American side? I have no doubt that the world would lapse back not only into a full-scale arms race between the East and West but also into another cold war.

**Q. How would you assess U.S.-German relations, and your own relationship with President Carter?**

**A.** Our personal relations are good. We have been able to exchange our views without any mental or tactical reservations, which in itself is a great asset and leads to close cooperation. There have been federal Chancellors in Bonn and American Presidents who have not been on such good terms in their times. But personal relations are only one aspect between our two countries. Relations between the two administrations, in the German view, are characterized by three significant experiences. No. 1, we have, to a very great degree, adopted American ideas about the structure of a federal democracy, American ideas of human rights. Second, we have experienced an astonishing degree of American solidarity vis-à-vis a former enemy over whom you won a terrible war. There is a great underlying appreciation in Germany for this lesson in solidarity. Third, the Germans are convinced that their outward security has been maintained by the U.S. more than by anybody else. I think the American nation does feel that the Germans have proved to be as industrious as the Americans themselves, and that they follow similar economic and international philosophies. My feeling is that the American nation, in a rather nondramatic way, has come to accept the Germans and the Federal Republic of Germany as an almost natural ally.

**Q. Is there a trend toward political conservatism in the Western world?**

**A.** I definitely do not sense such a trend. If such a trend existed, Jimmy Carter would not have been elected President, for instance. What I do sense is the fact that some Western industrial democracies are to some degree restless nowadays, which is only natural given the fact that almost all of them are under deep impact of the world economic crisis. It is only natural that the electorate in the first place holds its own government to be responsible for economic evils. Where you have conservative governments, this can lead to change toward a more liberal or progressive administration instead. Where you have liberal or social-democratic governments, it can lead to a more conservative government. It can also, as we have seen rather recently in Austria, lead to a result where the people think that their government has done well in a set of economic dangers, and I guess the same is going to happen in Germany next autumn.

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## EUROPE

## Electing a New Parliament

*Another debating society or a strong force for unity?*

Turning points in history have a way of slipping by unnoticed. That may be the case this week and next, June 7 and 10, the dates of the first direct elections ever held for a European Parliament. In the nine nations of the European Community (E.C.), 180 million eligible voters will be electing a total of 410 representatives. Except in Britain, the Euro-parliamentarians will be chosen by proportional representation in their home countries: based mainly on population, West Germany, France, Britain and Italy are allotted 81 seats, while the five smaller members have between six and 25 seats. Unprecedented as it is, the election so far has failed to stir interest among voters, who tend to consider it a ceremonial exercise without impact on their daily lives. After all, there was the old Parliament in existence since 1958, its 198 members were parliamentarians appointed by national governments, and it constituted an expensive debating society with only limited powers. Why should a popularly elected body do any better?

At first, there certainly will be little change. But a surprising number of European political leaders believe that in time the new Parliament will evolve into a fresh force for European unity. Indeed, opponents of the idea, mainly some French Gaullists, British Laborites and Danish anti-E.C. groups, fear that the assembly might become a threat to the sovereign powers of the member nations.

Both fears and hopes are premature. No one is sure what role the new institution will play, and that very uncertainty has contributed to the voters' apathy during the campaign. For weeks, some 3,000 candidates representing more than 80 political parties from the extreme left to the far right have been on the stump, each pleading a vision of a new Europe. Though each country elects only its own candidates, major political parties—Socialists, Christian Democrats, Liberals—have formed loose al-

liances across national boundaries in what could be viewed as the embryo of a new layer of political order in Europe.

Among the candidates are some of Europe's most distinguished political figures. Former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, a Social Democrat, is running the hardest, having campaigned not only at home but in France, The Netherlands, Luxembourg and Italy to boost the Socialist cause everywhere. In France, Gaullist Leader and former Premier Jacques Chirac, who opposes a supranational Europe, has turned the European election into something of a domestic contest to gauge his electoral strength against that of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, whom he will probably challenge for the presidency in 1981. The polls last week showed Chirac lagging far behind Simone Veil, Giscard's Minister of Health, who heads the list for the President's centrist line-up, and François Mitterrand, the top Socialist candidate in France. The most interesting contender in Italy is Communist Party Boss Enrico Berlinguer, demonstrating the Euro part of his Communism.

Most of the candidates are convinced that Europe at last has a new opportunity to move forward, and that is the message they are giving the voters. "We shall have the big stars of European politics in the Parliament," says France's Edgard Pisani, a former Minister of Ag-

riculture under Charles de Gaulle and now a Socialist candidate. "That is one reason why this Parliament can have great political influence. It has the power to analyze, inform and publicize, and it could give a European opinion on the great issues of the day."

That was part of the dream of the founders of postwar Western Europe, who envisaged economic cooperation leading toward ever closer political unity. Yet on paper, the powers of the European Parliament remain pitifully small. It will be essentially a consultative body with limited budgetary powers. But it could challenge the European Council, the Community's real lawmaking body, and the European Commission, its administrative arm. Such efforts could threaten the E.C.'s inner workings.

To be effective, the new Parliament will have to depend on the prestige of its members and public opinion. Says Candidate Leo Tindemans, former Premier of Belgium: "Did you ever hear of any parliament that got all its powers on a plate by itself?" One plan is to organize public hearings on major issues and invite national Cabinet ministers to testify publicly. "It will be politically impossible for ministers involved in European policy to refuse to come," says Tindemans.

The new assembly will be organized not on national but on party lines. The Socialists, led by Brandt, are expected to win about 130 of the 410 seats. The Christian Democrats, with Tindemans bidding for leadership, are counting on around 100 members. Italy's Altiero Spinelli, a former Common Market commissioner and now a Communist candidate, says that parliamentary majorities will be formed "by country on some issues, by party on others, and on others by Europe itself."

Spurring the Euro-Parliament on will be Europe's increasing sense of frustration that its economic strength has

not yet to be translated into a more decisive voice in world affairs. "The major questions of the day are being decided by the superpowers," complains Tindemans. "The Middle East, the source of our oil, the SALT signing in Vienna, raw materials. All these things are being done over our heads, and we Europeans must have a voice."



West German, French and Italian posters, stickers and stamps urge voters to participate in European parliamentary elections



An Egyptian waves a friendly greeting as the first of three Israeli warships sails through the Suez Canal

MIDDLE EAST

## Open Borders

*A promising start at El Arish*

**A**s thousands of Egyptian bystanders cried "Shalom, shalom," three Israeli warships, proudly flying the Star of David flag, last week made a peaceful passage through the Suez Canal. When the 600-ton landing craft *Achziv*, *Ashdod* and *Ashkelon* passed Ismailia, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, in an admiral's white summer dress uniform, stood on the balcony of his holiday villa to salute them. Coming as it did only days after Israel returned the Sinai town of El Arish to Egyptian authority, the trip symbolized the determination of the two ancient enemies to make their peace treaty work.

Yet another emblem of that will was a mutual agreement by Sadat and Israeli Premier Menachem Begin to declare the borders between the two countries officially open. That decision was reached by the two men during a 15-minute private session in El Arish at a refurbished villa that only days before had been the headquarters of local Israeli water authorities. The border opening will not mean instant normalization of relations: details still need to be worked out concerning what ground rules will govern the initial visits. In return for Sadat's agreement to open borders, Begin freed 16 Arab prisoners "whose release would not impair Israel's security." Begin also announced that he would go to Alexandria in the first week of July to discuss "matters of common concern" with Sadat.

The Egyptian President candidly admitted that some of his aides did not agree with the border-opening decision, which according to the treaty could have been delayed until January 1980. "The Ministry of Foreign Affairs was opposed to the idea, but I had given a promise to Begin," Sadat told reporters. "So it became a matter of my Ministry convincing me or vice versa, and believe me I convinced them."

Although not yet on "Anwar" and "Menachem" terms, Begin and Sadat ap-

pear finally to have melted the frost that until now has characterized their personal relations. In El Arish, they joked with each other to such an extent that at first they seemed oblivious to the presence of U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who in turn seemed happy to be left out. "I was delighted," he said later, "to see how their personal relations are so much better now that they can relax in each other's company." Sadat and his wife Jehan that day had marked their 30th wedding anniversary. Commenting on the President's spiffy appearance in his admiral's uniform at an earlier ceremony in El Arish, Begin joked: "Your wife must have fallen in love with you all over again." Begin gave Sadat a volume of sayings on peace by Jewish sages, printed on special paper "that will last 1,000 years, so future generations can read about the peace we now celebrate."

In Cairo this week, Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Egyptian Minister of State for Foreign Affairs Boutros Ghali will begin negotiating details of the border opening. For normalization to take full effect, Egypt's new People's Assembly, to be elected this month, must revoke 30 years of legislation that made it a crime for Egyptians to deal with Israelis. Sadat's aides are convinced normalization of relations is their trump card in the next stage of talks, on autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza. Says one Egyptian diplomat: "If we make significant progress in the autonomy talks, then you can expect to see Egypt speeding up the process of normalization. If the Israelis become difficult in the autonomy talks, then we will be tough on normalization."

**T**here is no doubt those autonomy talks will be demanding. Begin has already told Vance that Israel remains adamant on three issues: 1) no solution if it compromised Israel's security; 2) no separate Palestinian state; 3) no return of East Jerusalem to Arab sovereignty. But Begin also said, "The last thing we want is to embarrass Sadat." On everything else that comes up in the negotiations, the Premier promised "we can and will help him."

IRAN

## Private Access

*Cover for a secret lobby*

**W**hen it began in 1975, it seemed a perfectly straightforward publicity campaign. For a fee of \$507,000, the New York City public relations firm of Ruder & Finn would counsel Iran's national airline on "attitudes in the U.S. toward travel in Iran." The deal unraveled when it became known that one of those prominently involved was Marion Javits, 53, wife of New York Senator Jacob Javits. Last month the new revolutionary government in Iran released documents that it found in the confidential files of the deposed Shah's government. They revealed that the Iran Air campaign had another angle: it was intended to be used as "cover" for an Iran lobby operating in the U.S.

According to an exchange of notes between the Shah and close advisers, the idea was broached in 1974. Mrs. Javits, a friend of the Shah's twin sister Ashraf, proposed in a letter to then Prime Minister Amir Abbas Hoveida that Iran mount an "educational campaign" based on the theme that "the Shah has highly constructive social goals and that under the conditions that exist in Iran, the only way to accomplish these goals is by tight control, firm leadership, detailed national planning." The offer impressed Hoveida, who was executed two months ago by Iran's revolutionary regime. Through Mrs. Javits' contacts and the influence of her husband, a top secret Iranian report concluded, Iranian officials could gain "private access" to U.S. officials and opinion makers. "I think the performance of this plan is advisable even if its only result will be to pour money in the pocket of Mrs. Javits," urged Hoveida's aide, Parviz C. Raji, in a memorandum to the Prime Minister. For the lobby to be most effective, Raji suggested, it had to be kept secret. Thus Iran Air was made the Iranian signatory to the contract.

The project collapsed in 1976 after Mrs. Javits registered with the Justice Department as an "agent" for a foreign com-

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It is time to give a tax break to savers. America can't afford to wait much longer.

## World

CHINA

### A Taste for the Take

*Bribery is in the bud among officials*



Marion Javits at 1976 press conference

*An offer that impressed the Shah's men.*

pany, which under U.S. law she had to do. The disclosure led to newspaper charges that her relationship with Iran would place Senator Javits, a ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, in a conflict of interest. Mrs. Javits resigned from Ruder & Finn, and the contract was terminated; less than \$300,000 had been paid to the firm. Last week Mrs. Javits issued a statement denying that she had ever discussed "secret activities" with any Iranian official. She added that she had received only half of the \$67,000 consultant's fee earned for obtaining the contract. Three weeks ago, the head of Tehran's Revolutionary Court accused the Senator and his wife of "corruption on earth" after Javits introduced a Senate resolution condemning Iran's "summary executions."

The reports about Mrs. Javits made hardly a ripple in Tehran, where the regime was preoccupied with more pressing matters. Hassan Nazih, head of the National Iranian Oil Co., decried the regime's tendency to "put all political, economic and judicial problems into an Islamic mold." In the port city of Khorramshahr and in Abadan, the site of the world's biggest oil refinery, fighting broke out between ethnic Arabs, who want more autonomy from Tehran, and Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's armed forces; at least 25 people were killed in running gun battles. Because he suffered from exhaustion, the state radio announced, Khomeini would take a week's vacation, his second week of rest in a month.

The exiled Shah's residence problems may be resolving, at least temporarily. Mexico announced last week that he is eligible for a "tourist card," which would allow him to stay for six months and could then be renewed. Mexican officials expect him to arrive soon from the Bahamas, where he has spent the past two months.

At the Canton Trade Fair, the bustling twice-annual bazaar for China's international commerce, a Chinese official approached a visiting European businessman with a delicate but unmistakable proposition: favored business dealings, in return for the gift of a particularly desirable stereo hi-fi system. In Tianjin (Tientsin), a factory received a special shipment from an overseas Chinese merchant with whom it regularly deals: a free new automobile. In Peking, officials of a trading corporation asked another foreigner for a specified gift, an expensive Nikon camera.

Until a few months ago, that kind of bribery and corruption would have been unthinkable in China's strictly collectivized, rigidly austere commercial system. But of late many Chinese bureaucrats and factory managers involved in foreign trade have shown themselves readily disposed to partake of the myriad goodies that can accompany avid salesmanship. Officials who once would have rejected anything more expensive than a lapel pin now eagerly accept, and often solicit, valuable gratuities—everything from sophisticated machinery and heavy vehicles for their factories, to electronic calculators, cassette tape recorders, TV sets and even limousines for themselves.

Typically, the extended palm works like this: in meetings with foreign businessmen, officials will pick an opportune moment to mention that "donations" to China's modernization effort would be welcome. What sort of donations? Well, the officials explain, our factory—or municipal bureau or provincial trading office, as the case may be—is desperately short of transportation, for instance, and a reliable car might be most appreciated. The car, either new or secondhand, is duly acquired in Hong Kong and shipped inland. Technically, it belongs to the factory; in practice, it usually becomes the private property of one or two high officials.

The automobile, especially a Mercedes-Benz, has become the most prized "donation" of all. At the Peking headquarters of a trade corporation, it was not so subtly suggested to a Western businessman that he should donate two cars, one for his own use during occasional visits to China and one for the corporation. Members of another trade corporation told representatives of a U.S. company that a particular commodity purchase did not have to be paid entirely in cash; instead, if the Americans came across with a car, the vehicle's cost could be deducted from the contracted sum.

China's piecemeal corruption pales by comparison with the systematic payoffs

that are taken for granted in other Asian countries, but China watchers believe that bribery is a symptom of a general malaise that has infected the country's far-flung bureaucracy. They noticed that after Mao's death, the morale and dedication of bureaucrats seemed to be improving. Now, however, many officials appear to have reverted to skepticism and self-protective caution.

When the abrupt new liberalization of the Great Leap Outward was just as abruptly slowed down this spring, many officials drew the old and painful lesson that today's official line may be tomorrow's heresy. Says a U.S. Sinologist who has recently visited several provinces: "Chinese officials seem to have decided that things are still far too uncertain and that they've got to play it safe and look out for No. 1." To a growing minority of officials with an appetite for the good life, that means not only pressing foreigners for favors, but also siphoning off material goods for their own use, and sometimes even appropriating manpower to build private homes.

The creeping elitism is not lost on Peking's leaders, who are well aware that the average worker must wait years just to buy a bicycle and that according to reliable Chinese sources, some 200 million peasants remain in a state of "semistarvation." A recent ruling by Peking authorities reportedly put a limit of \$4,000 on the value of foreign "donations." Last month the official *People's Daily* harshly attacked self-indulgent cadres who have illicitly built "new super-luxurious homes" and who "practice waste and extravagance and eat and drink their fill under all sorts of pretexts at the state's expense."





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## World



Giscard d'Estaing turns away from Emperor Bokassa I (left) at conference in Rwanda; in center is President Leopold Senghor of Senegal

AFRICA

### Papa in the Dock

*Unrest, protest, massacre*

**T**he Butcher of Bangui," as the African newspaper has dubbed His Imperial Majesty Emperor Bokassa I of the Central African Empire, is a ruler whose future may be on the block. Last week the U.S. suddenly recalled Ambassador Goodwin Cooke, following reports by Amnesty International, the London-based human rights organization, that in April about 100 schoolchildren had been murdered by Bokassa's imperial guard in the capital of Bangui. A week earlier, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing pointedly avoided shaking hands with the Emperor at a Franco-African conference in Rwanda.

The April killings climaxed a year of unrest and protest over the big-spending ways of the self-crowned Emperor, a for-

mer French army sergeant who seized power in a 1965 coup. Although his landlocked, Texas-size country is one of the world's poorest, Bokassa reportedly has been dipping heavily into the public treasury to pay for his six homes in France (including a château in the Loire Valley), his three wives, his royal court, and tuition for many of his 35 children at Swiss boarding schools.

Last January the Emperor ordered all primary and secondary students to wear special uniforms bearing his own imperial likeness. The uniforms cost an extortionate \$165 each and were sold exclusively by a factory owned by one of the Emperor's wives. Weeks of strikes and rioting followed the decree. On the night of April 18, according to the Amnesty report, Bokassa's soldiers rounded up a large number of children and youths in districts where protests had occurred and took them to Ngarabga prison. About 100 were killed that night. Some were shot, some clubbed, others bayoneted; about 20 who

were huddled in a small cell died of asphyxiation.

Bokassa denied Amnesty's charges of murder, claiming that the victims were "grownup" students in revolt against his regime. "In my country," he declared, "everybody calls me Papa." Unfortunately for Papa, his Ambassador to Paris, General Sylvestre Bangui, resigned and sought asylum in France after confirming that the massacre had indeed taken place. His mission now, said Bangui, would be to lead a "liberation front" against Bokassa.

The French government is especially embarrassed by reports of the killings: aid from Paris, offered in return for military facilities and access to uranium deposits, keeps Bokassa in power. Moreover, Giscard sometimes goes on hunting trips to the Empire, where his family owns a hotel and a hunting lodge. Nonetheless, Paris announced that it was suspending military assistance to the Empire pending a complete investigation by five African states of the massacre charges. ■



Muzorewa (right) and Smith (center)

### Salisbury: The Power Passes

**A**frica's newest black-led nation, Zimbabwe Rhodesia, officially came into being last week, and 88 years of white rule ended. At midnight on May 31, power passed quietly and without fanfare from outgoing Prime Minister Ian Smith, who had guided Rhodesia's white minority regime for more than 15 years, to Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who will lead a black majority government in which whites have retained substantial powers.

There was little celebration, though, even among blacks. In his first official act, Muzorewa swore in his 16-member Cabinet, composed of eleven black and five white ministers, and offered the "hand of fellowship" to the guerrillas of the Patriotic Front, led by Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, asking them to lay down their arms under a government amnesty. It was an invitation not likely to be accepted.

## Religion

# Joyous Welcome for a Native Son

*In Poland the Pope confronts a troubled party and an impassioned church*



John Paul II, aboard open van, waving to Warsaw street throng during motorcade

**H**e went away to Rome last Oct. 3 as Karol Wojtyla, a Cardinal-Archbishop warmly admired by his countrymen but little known elsewhere in the world. Last week he returned in triumph as John Paul II, a dynamic new Pope whose skill, originally tried and proved in day-by-day contest with Poland's Communist rulers, would be tested once again.

On the flight from Rome to Warsaw, John Paul was able to eat hardly any breakfast and told the 60 reporters and photographers on his plane that he would need to "contain my emotion" during the trip. As soon as the papal jet landed, black-robed Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, 77, the Primate of Poland, mounted the steps into the plane. John Paul's shrewd former mentor has maneuvered for three decades to guide the Polish church through the darkest days of Stalinist repression into an era of uneasy coexistence with the country's Communist rulers. The extent of the church-state détente was immediately apparent: figurehead President Henryk Jablonski came to the airport to welcome John Paul, and the Pope later conferred for 30 minutes with Communist Party Secretary Edward Gierek.

As soon as the Pope stepped from his plane he knelt to kiss his native soil, then bussed a little girl in traditional dress who handed him a bouquet. Obviously moved, John Paul spoke of "my native land, to which I remain deeply attached by the roots of my life, of my heart, of my vocation." Poland, he told the group at the

airport, "through the course of history has been linked with the Church of Christ and the See of Rome by a special bond of spiritual unity."

As the Pope rode into Warsaw aboard an open, bus-type van, hundreds of thousands of Poles cheered and threw bright flowers in his path. One youth was applauded when he held up a placard: **NATION WITH THE CHURCH AND CHURCH WITH THE NATION.** At the historic St. John's Cathedral, the congregation broke through ropes and mobbed the Pontiff. The day's climax was an open-air Mass for up to 500,000 people at downtown Victory Square. When John Paul declared, "Without Christ it is impossible to understand the history of Poland," the crowd burst into applause that lasted fully ten minutes, while spontaneous singing of the hymn *Christ Conquers* spread like a tidal wave.

The Pope's nine-day visit represents a rendezvous not only with people and politics but with Poland's past pains and glories. The tour was to include his home town of Wadowice, Cracow, where he served as Archbishop, and Czestochowa, his country's holiest shrine, which contains the painting of the *Black Madonna*. Temporal leaders have come and gone, but the Virgin has remained for 323 years "Krolowa Polski" (the Queen of Poland).<sup>\*</sup> Finally the Pope will visit Auschwitz, a

<sup>\*</sup>The portrait was credited with miraculously raising a siege of the Czestochowa monastery by Swedes in 1655 after priests prayed to the Virgin.

symbol of Nazi infamy and to Poles a reminder of the estimated 6 million Poles, 3 million of them Jews, who died during the second World War.

The tour, the first ever by a Pope into a Communist nation, dramatizes before the world the vitality of Polish Catholicism, despite attempted repression, and its peculiar mutually dependent relationship with would-be Communist oppressors, still ideologically committed to the suppression of religion. The church is in many ways the strongest force in the nation. Some 70% to 80% of the 35 million Poles are practicing Catholics. Cardinal Wyszyński and now Pope John Paul II are the undisputed popular leaders of the Polish people.

Elsewhere in Eastern Europe the state of the church is various and mostly weak. But in Poland the Communists failed in early attempts to eradicate the church, in large part because they could not eradicate Polish history. For a thousand years the church has suffered alongside the people, ever since the baptism of the first ruler of a Polish state, Prince Mieszko I, in A.D. 966. Even when Poland disappeared entirely from the map, dismembered by the Prussians, Austrians and Russians in the 18th and 19th centuries, the church preserved the national language and culture.

In 1939, when the Nazis and Soviets overran the nation, the church defied them. Since the war it has refused to submit to a Communist regime that exists with tenuous popular support. Says one Polish bishop: "For 200 years, except for an interlude between the two World Wars, the Poles have been under governments imposed from outside. Loyalty to the church became the only means of defending national identity." Even Kazimierz Kakol, the Communist Minister for Religious Affairs, concedes that "the church has held a very important role in the history of Poland, a very positive role."

**T**he Communist repression began in 1948 under the Soviet-backed United Polish Workers' Party. The government nationalized Catholic publishing houses, censored church publications, banned broadcasts and youth associations and largely expropriated church property. In 1953 Cardinal Wyszyński was placed under house arrest, and by that year's end eight other bishops and 900 priests had been imprisoned. Seminaries and monasteries were shut down. The number of churches dropped by nearly a third. Trying a divide-and-conquer tactic, the Communists sponsored the Pax Movement for "progressive" priests and laity who backed

the party against the hierarchy.

But since 1956, when worker riots and a loosening of Moscow's grip brought in the more liberal regime of Wladyslaw Gomułka, the Polish party has been caught between the threat of Soviet intervention and the need for popular support. From time to time it has sought to strengthen its ties with the populace by easing repression of the church. Taking advantage of every chance, the church today boasts about 20,000 priests, compared with a prewar 13,000. More than 500 graduated from the country's seminaries last year, while most countries in the democratic West face a growing shortage of new priests. The church also educates both priests and laity at the Catholic University of Lublin, the only religious university allowed to exist anywhere in the Communist world.

Though Stalinist-era oppression has ended, there is still tension. Said one Polish Catholic intellectual from Cracow: "You can't talk about persecution, but there is constant harassment." Religion classes remain outside the schools, and, more important, parents are pressured not to send their children. Religious broadcasts are forbidden, even of Masses that could comfort invalids. A notable exception was the four-hour telecast of John Paul's installation at the Vatican. National coverage of three of this week's events has been scheduled.

As in other Communist countries, the state maintains a strict monopoly on publishing and paper supplies. Last November the bishops had to plead for paper for catechism texts, prayer books and church documents. The Pax Movement has its own daily newspaper, but the hierarchy is not able to publish periodicals. The independent Catholic press is led by the respected *Tygodnik Powszechny* (General Weekly), produced by John Paul's friend Lay Editor Jerzy Turowicz. The pa-



Figure of crucified Christ in modernistic Nowa Huta church  
Presenting the authorities with an act of faith accomplishi.

per is artificially limited to eight pages an issue and a circulation of 40,000. Editor Turowicz routinely prepares twice as much copy as he needs because censors are unpredictable.

The regime also holds the power to veto assignments of bishops to particular cities. In an outrageous case, the Communists rejected 20 candidates for Archbishop of Wrocław before accepting the supposedly "safe" Henryk Gulbinowicz. Jokes Minister Kakol: "The church knows the way we function, so the sim-

plest thing would be for them to put their favorite candidate in last place."

Throughout the Communist period, the shortage of church buildings has been the most nettlesome problem. After the war's destruction, an increase in population and the move of peasants to industrial "new towns," Polish Catholics needed large numbers of new buildings. But the Communist government, which has total control of building permits and supplies, played a maddening cat-and-mouse game of rejection and delay. John Paul's most telling achievement in Cracow was the erection of a modernistic concrete-and-steel church at Nowa Huta (New Foundry), a steel town that provided no church for its 200,000 residents. Getting permission and putting up the church took 20 years.

During the building battle, Bishop Ignacy Tokarczuk of Przemyśl called on the people to "break the line of fear." No Catholic in his diocese, he decided, should have to walk more than 2½ miles to church. Starting in the mid-1960s, his parishioners would secretly assemble small, prefabricated churches, then put them together overnight without permission. In the morning the authorities would be presented with an act of faith accomplishi.

A day came when the bishop was led off to be fined at the prosecutor's office for his actions, but such a noisy phalanx of Catholic housewives followed along that the harried official finally told the bishop to forget the fine. Said he: "Just get these women out of my office." Tokarczuk has put up more than 100 illegal new churches. His philosophy: "The law that is against human rights is not binding, so we do not feel guilty."

The law is precisely the problem. Polish Catholicism exists in legal limbo, with no guaranteed rights. Four months before

Worshippers at Sunday Mass in the Church of the Three Crosses in Warsaw



The Black Madonna of Czestochowa





Priest hears confessions during a pilgrimage to the Czestochowa monastery, where the painting of the Black Madonna is enshrined

his election as Pope, Karol Wojtyla declared, "Being such a vast community, a community almost as large as the nation itself, we cannot be outside the law. Definition of the church's legal status is at the same time the definition of our place and of all of our rights." The church does not expect or even want the political powers that it wielded in former times. It seeks only elemental human freedoms, which John Paul has enunciated from his universal pulpit.

But the granting of even a few simple freedoms, as the Communist world has occasionally discovered, can be politically explosive in countries where the people feel oppressed. That is one reason why there are still three Soviet divisions stationed in Poland. In bargaining for further concessions, the papacy today has no more divisions than it had when Stalin first sneered at its lack of them. Where Poland is concerned, however, John Paul II does have considerable secular as well as spiritual clout. It derives not merely from the strength and solidarity of Polish Catholics or from his own toughness and experience in struggling with Communists. To a considerable degree, it also results from the political and economic morass in which Poland finds itself.

**G**ierek came to power with a mandate for change. Worker riots in 1970 over increased food prices had toppled the Gomulka regime. The new government tried a policy of rapid economic development, heavily dependent upon Western technology and credits, to bring Poland out of economic stagnation. An international recession and a string of bad harvests led instead to an economic slump; and Gierek, like his predecessor, attempted to end artificial price controls in 1976. Workers took to the streets, and the regime backed down. With no solution in sight, Polish consumers now suffer from endemic shortages of meat. Necessary consumer goods like pins and shoe polish are sporadically unavailable. Meanwhile, Poland has managed to roll up an international debt of \$15 billion.

Today the regime, almost entirely cut off from popular support, tolerates a de-

gree of open dissent on matters economic, political and religious that is virtually unprecedented under Communism. Much dissent, naturally, has the church's moral support. Illegal "flying universities" schedule home lectures on topics like the 1939 Soviet invasion of Poland that state classrooms never mention. There are some two dozen illegal *samizdat* periodicals and dissident organizations for intellectuals, workers and peasants. In its present need to ensure a measure of political order, the Gierek government devoutly desires good relations with the Polish church and the Vatican. That need is a source of the Pope's bargaining power.

As Pope and party confront each other, both worry about what Poles refer to as "the Soviet tank factor," the fear that liberalization may go too far, as in Czechoslovakia in 1968, and activate those slumbering Russian divisions. That fear has loaded the plans for the Pope's tour with much heat, paradox and political potential.

Even Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko has been concerned. He made an early visit to the Vatican after John Paul was elected to size up the new Polish Pope. John Paul may prove a hard bargainer, much more likely than Paul VI to demand *quid pro quo* for Vatican good will and to hold the Communist world to its word thereafter. Gromyko was recently quoted in the Italian press as fearing that the Pope's visit would have "the same effect on the masses as the Ayatullah Khomeini had in Iran."

The Communists were so nervous about the politics of an impending visit that they ham-handedly censored John Paul's first message to his former diocese in Cracow because he praised St. Stanislaw, an 11th century bishop of that city, by describing him as a martyr who "did not hesitate to confront the ruler when defense of the moral order called for it." The Polish government also balked at the Pope's expressed interest in returning home during last month's 900th anniversary celebration of the martyrdom.

Says Religious Minister Kakol of the current visit: "The Vatican assured us that there will be no controversial state-

ments made." But with millions of Poles, along with other East bloc Catholics, turning out to see John Paul, a certain political nervousness is understandable. The deep feeling that the accession of Wojtyla to the papacy stirred in East European Catholics can hardly be overestimated. "In future," as the underground *Chronicle* of the beleaguered Lithuanian Catholic Church put it, "we shall not feel abandoned to the will of the atheists in the Kremlin."

**N**o one can control spontaneous combustion. Both church and state, though, have been working together somewhat touchily to avoid unruly demonstrations. In Warsaw, liquor sales were banned. The Pope will travel into recently created security sectors. Both church and state agreed that spectator tickets to papal events would be issued only to people living in that sector. Meanwhile, the Communist regime may end up paying the bulk of \$65,000 to put up the new altar in Victory Square in Warsaw, \$116,000 worth of portable toilets in Cracow, and \$25,000 to pay for special hats worn by 40,000 volunteer Catholic "civil guards" who, along with 85,000 state police, will help handle crowd control on the route. Priests will also assist.

All this is from a party officially bent on repressing Christianity and from the political heirs of a revolutionary, Lenin, who once wrote: "Every religious idea, every idea of any divinity, even any flirtation with a divinity is the most inexpressible villainess."

No one knows what will eventually come of John Paul's homecoming. Says Tadeusz Mazowiecki, editor of the Catholic monthly *Wies* (The Link) and a founder of the flying university movement: "The Pope's visit will inject new energy into society. The masses will feel stronger; they will understand that they should demand more. These nine days will be a religious event, of course, but they will also shape the consciousness of the people." In other words, though the trip's intent is spiritual, its effects may be temporal as well. ■



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# Education



Stanley Kaplan tutoring students at one of his New York City coaching schools

## Coaching Daze

*The FTC vs. Kaplan*

Six times a year, high school students converge on test centers nationwide for a fearsome academic ritual, the Scholastic Aptitude Test, which helps determine where tens of thousands of students will go to college. In theory, there is little that students can do to prepare for the dread day, since the S.A.T. supposedly measures innate ability, not learned skills. In practice, however, more students each year desperately cram for the S.A.T.s. A third of public and private schools in the Northeast now offer some sort of S.A.T. preparation course. Elsewhere around the country, thousands of nervous scholars flock to commercial coaching schools, which drill and review them—and woo them with promises of striking results.

The College Entrance Examination Board, which sponsors the S.A.T., has steadfastly tried to discredit cram schools, thus defending the S.A.T.'s objective infallibility. But the coaching schools, which also prepare students for the Law School Admissions Test (L.S.A.T.) and Graduate Record Examinations, have become more than a \$10 million annual business. So much so, in fact, that the Federal Trade Commission's Bureau of Consumer Protection decided to investigate them. The immediate target was the Stanley H. Kaplan Educational Center, a chain of 85 schools founded by Stanley Kaplan, 60, the son of a Brooklyn plumbing contractor who has been tutoring all his professional life. Kaplan, rather brashly, had at one time advertised the ability of his review course, which now costs \$275, to raise S.A.T. scores as much as 100 points. The FTC thought such claims "were not only unsubstantiated but false," says Albert Kramer, head of the Bureau of Consumer Protection.

When the FTC last week released the findings of its four-year study, however, the entrepreneur from Brooklyn looked pretty good. The report was full of qualifications, and the results were still incomplete. But it clearly indicated that "underachieving students"—defined as those who score lower on standardized tests than their grades and class rank warrant—after ten weeks of coaching could improve both verbal and math scores by an average of 25 points. The largest average gain ever found by the College Board was eight to ten points.

The College Board was quick to point out the report's limitations. It studied the curriculums of only two commercial coaching schools, and only one of them (Kaplan's) was found effective. Nonetheless, the Educational Testing Service, which actually administers the tests, grudgingly admitted that "some students on some occasions may have increased their scores after attending some coaching courses." It was one more retreat from a mid-1960s position that "intensive drill is at best likely to yield insignificant increases in scores."

Meanwhile, Kaplan, who opened his first school in 1938 in a Flatbush apartment, has seen enrollment in his courses double over the past five years. Almost 3,000 students in his S.A.T. course alone are currently working their way through his voluminous home study notes, hunching over tape recorders, or laboring through four- or five-hour classes. "So many people think that aptitude is innate," says Kaplan, "but a test just measures the level which you're at. And if you get an improved student, you should have an improved score." All of which seems to show that the distinction between ability and acquired skills is blurry, that college admissions officers should not rely too heavily on test scores, and that anybody who wants to learn can learn.

## Keeping Score

*Divestment totals creep up*

All spring on campus, if the fuss was familiar, so was the issue: divestment. At Harvard, students boycotted classes for a day and picketed the trustees. So did students at Brandeis. At Columbia they staged guerrilla theater protest shows. At Yale, angry students confronted the university's governing corporation. As they have for years, demonstrators here and there around the U.S. were demanding that their colleges sell all stock in South Africa-related industry. Their charge: the \$1.75 billion (17% of South Africa's foreign capital) invested by 350 U.S. companies in the apartheid nation and the actual presence of Americans doing business there amount to indirect support of racism.

Surprisingly, in view of the oft repeated objections of college presidents and boards of overseers that U.S. divestment is unlikely to affect racism in South Africa, the tally of divested dollars has been slowly mounting. A few boards of trustees have voted full divestiture. Among them, according to the Washington-based Investor Responsibility Research Center: Hampshire College (of \$39,000), the University of Massachusetts (of \$631,000), Ohio University (of \$38,000), Michigan State (of \$8.5 million), and the University of Wisconsin (of \$11 million). Other colleges have chosen partial divestiture, or selling stock selectively in those companies that fail to observe the Sullivan principles, a set of guidelines established by the Rev. Leon Sullivan, a black civil rights activist and General Motors board member, which outline affirmative-action policies. Among them: Amherst (\$1 million), Smith (\$680,000), Columbia (\$2.7 million), Boston University (\$7 million), Brandeis (\$350,000), Yale (\$900,000), Vassar (\$2.2 million), Ohio State (\$250,000).

Divestment remains a muddled issue. Even U.N. Ambassador to the U.N. Andrew Young is not in favor of American companies withdrawing from South Africa, and he believes that they should use their leverage to encourage reforms. Student demonstrators and sympathetic trustees, though, see the issue as moral rather than practical or monetary. When Yale's Advisory Committee on Investor Responsibility recently recommended that the college sell \$900,000 of stock in the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. (which lends money to the South African government), the committee's statement put the case with remarkable candor: "We recognize that divestiture is of little practical consequence and hence is almost entirely symbolic. Still, symbols and gestures are important in the realm of moral and humane concerns."

## Science

### Questioning All

#### HEW's massive nuclear probe

**N**o one has died, and perhaps no one will, but the lingering effects of radiation from the nuclear accident at Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island continue to haunt local residents, to say nothing of the neighbors of nuclear facilities elsewhere in the U.S. To ease those fears, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Joseph A. Califano Jr. last week made good on a promise: he announced details of a four-pronged, long-range study of all families and plant workers possibly affected by last March's near disaster.

The massive project marks a grim scientific milestone of sorts. While retrospective studies were made of Japanese A-bomb victims after Hiroshima and Nagasaki, this is the first ever undertaken to examine effects of low-level radiation from essentially the time of exposure. The HEW studies at a glance:

- A census of 17,000 households containing 50,000 residents within a five-mile radius of the crippled plant. The six-week census, to be funded by the Center for Disease Control and the National Cancer Institute, will collect names and medical histories, as well as the whereabouts of household members during the accident.
- A Pennsylvania health department survey of all pregnant women and their offspring within a ten-mile radius of the plant, to determine any increase in miscarriages, premature births or infant abnormalities and early deaths. The hope: to confirm predictions that no such ill effects are likely.
- A registry of plant workers at Three Mile Island and a recording of the amount of radiation each received. Unlike U.S.



Scanning Farmer Chris Becker for radiation  
*A four-pronged effort to ease fears.*

Army soldiers and Utah residents exposed to fallout from the A-bomb tests of the 1950s and early '60s, the workers all wore dosimeters—simple instruments for measuring radiation. Their records will be maintained and the workers observed for radiation effects like leukemia. The

study's sponsors: the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

► The National Institute of Mental Health will inquire into the accident's psychological and behavioral impact. Its study will also seek new ways of coping with emotional stress in a future crisis.

Califano emphasized that launching the studies does not reflect any new alarm. Nor did he back off from estimates that the accident will add only one cancer death to the 325,000 expected in the region's population of 2 million. Despite the HEW chief's reassuring words, the atmosphere in the Three Mile Island area remains charged with emotion.

Dairy Farmer Clair Hoover, whose pastures are barely five miles from the nuke, has reported 19 dead cows in the past six weeks. Although a simple infection may be responsible, as it often is during calving season, Hoover admits: "I can't help but have my thoughts." William Pfeffer of nearby Newberrytown, who had evacuated his family to Poughkeepsie, N.Y., says that his wife still wakes in a cold sweat at night.

These symptoms of postaccident trauma are confirmed by doctors. Family Practitioner Dr. John Barnoski of Middletown says that he has been seeing at least four patients a day with symptoms of new emotional distress. Says he: "I have had responsible husbands and fathers in my office unable to cope with everyday problems. I have seen fear and frustration in the eyes of young couples as they bring their babies in for checkups." Adds the local doctor: "If the nuclear plant resumes operation, these anxieties and fears will remain and probably increase."

Unless, of course, the Government studies provide assurance that there is really nothing to fret about. ■

## Medicine

### Promising Drug

#### Help for breast cancer patients

**E**ach year some 106,000 U.S. women learn that they have breast cancer. Thanks to improved public awareness, most of them make this discovery while the cancer is still confined to the breast. Following prompt treatment, usually a mastectomy, chances of survival are good: 85% of the women are alive five years later. But for too many women, the cancer is discovered after it has spread to the lymph nodes. By then the odds for survival are nowhere near as high. Even with chemotherapy the cancer often recurs.

Last week at an international meeting in Copenhagen, cancer specialists re-

ported promising though very preliminary new data on a valuable weapon in their chemical arsenal. It is the drug tamoxifen, and it should be especially useful in treating those women whose cancer has spread beyond the breast. Said Dr. Charles Hubay of Cleveland's University Hospitals and Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine: "Chemotherapy and tamoxifen administered immediately following mastectomy were more effective than chemotherapy alone in delaying recurrence of cancer."

Doctors have been treating breast cancer patients with tamoxifen, a drug used in very advanced cases, at an earlier stage of the disease. The theory: many if not most breast cancers are linked with the hormone estrogen. Tamoxifen is an antiestrogen agent that has shown a no-

table ability to halt the growth of estrogen-connected tumors.

In the 33-month study, the doctors monitored 296 women up to age 76 who had undergone mastectomies. From tissue samples physicians found that three-quarters of the women had estrogen-linked tumors. These patients, as well as the others whose cancers were not connected with the hormone, were divided into three treatment groups: one was given a combination of drugs known as CMF; another CMF and tamoxifen; and the third CMF, tamoxifen and BCG (which is designed to bolster the immune system).

In the estrogen group, the relapse rate was 40% in those treated with CMF alone. But, remarkably, among women who had also been given tamoxifen, cancer reappeared in only about 10% of the cases. ■



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## Sport



SPECTACULAR BID: JAMES DODD

Spectacular Bid framed by 1977's Seattle Slew (top) and 1978's Affirmed



### Riddle of the Triple Crown

*Why, so suddenly, a parade of superhorses?*

When the big, three-sided trophy by Cartier was inaugurated by the Thoroughbred Racing Association in 1950, only nine horses, from Sir Barton in 1919 to Citation in 1948, had earned the right to have their names engraved on the emblem of the Triple Crown of American racing. After Citation, 25 long years passed before Secretariat added another name to that most select circle, and through the long drought, one question be devils breeders, owners, trainers and bettors alike: Why were there no Triple Crown champions?

But once Secretariat broke the spell in 1973, there followed in quick succession a parade of superhorses. Seattle Slew won the title in 1977. Affirmed last year, and this year Spectacular Bid is the favorite to capture the Belmont Stakes on Saturday and, with it, the coveted Triple Crown. The new question: Why are there suddenly so many champions?

Mathematically, at least, the chances of producing such a champion seem much reduced: only 1,663 foals were registered when Sir Barton won; 8,434 when Citation won in 1948; last year the number was 31,326. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, member of one of America's most distinguished racing families, pondered the problem last week and concluded, "I can't think of any logical reason for more Triple Crown horses lately. And if we do get a third in a row this year, I think it's mostly chance."

Most owners and trainers agree. Says John Veitch, trainer for the legendary Calumet Farms: "A number of horses over the past 30 years or so have had a

chance to win the Triple Crown, but they've had bad luck and broken down before they had a shot."

In the quarter-century between Citation and Secretariat, the vagaries of racing luck saw six horses win the first two races of the Triple Crown, only to falter over the 1½-mile course of the Belmont Stakes. In 1958 Tim Tam was leading the field with one-eighth mile to run when he broke his leg. In the 1953 Kentucky Derby, Native Dancer was bumped and then forced to go so far outside that he could have stopped for a mint julep in the clubhouse. He won the Preakness and the Belmont, but his Triple Crown was lost. Nashua, Needles, Damascus, Riva Ridge—the list of excellent colts that were upset is sad and long. In some years, the fields were so strong that the horses killed one another off. In 1957 three exceptional horses divided up the Triple Crown: Gallant Man, Iron Liege and Bold Ruler.

If racing luck remains important on the track, luck in the breeding shed is also still chancey. Every horsebreeder follows the maxim: "Breed the best to the best and hope for the best." One of the factors in the mix that has produced so many dominant horses is that, for reasons science cannot explain, Bold Ruler has proved to be unusually adept at what breeders call "stamping his get," i.e., passing on his strong points to his descendants. Bold Ruler is the sire of Secretariat, the grandsire of Spectacular Bid, the great grandsire of Seattle Slew.

A top stallion like Bold Ruler is more

accessible for breeding than the sires of a generation ago. Before the second World War, a few wealthy racing families bred, foaled, raced and retired to stud much of the finest American bloodstock. "Today," says Lucien Laurin, trainer of Secretariat, "it's easier to get better breeding because it's more of an open breeding market." The reason: the proliferation of commercial breeders and the widespread syndication of top stallions. The owners of Spectacular Bid, as well as Seattle Slew, certainly are not members of racing's Establishment.

Winning sires are also more productive now than in the past. Brownell Combs II of Spendthrift Farm, one of the largest commercial breeders in the world, says "Stallions now 'cover' around 40 to 45 mares, whereas 30 years ago, they would only service 30 or so." Another possible reason for the recent rise of so many champions may be simply a siphoning off of quality competition. A total of \$118 million worth of horses and syndication rights were auctioned by Kentucky's Keeneland Association last year, and \$24,668,933 was spent by foreign buyers. Admits Keeneland President Ted Bassett: "The large number of topflight horses that are purchased by foreign buyers could mean that some of the great colts, perhaps even potential Triple Crown winners, have gone to Europe to race."

Other experts suggest that the number of top horses contending for the Crown may have been diminished by the rapid growth of racing days nationwide. Many horses are raced out by the end of their two-year-old campaigns and retired. The breeders of others now pick and choose among rich purses scattered across 15 states rather than risk everything for show money in the Triple Crown events in a year when a really fine horse like Spectacular Bid turns up. In 1948 there were 696 stakes and feature races, only nine with purses of \$100,000 and up. In 1977 there were 1,687, and 93 superhigh purses to share. Says Trainer Woody Stephens, who developed Cannonade: "Why run my horse against a 1-to-10 shot for \$40,000 second-place money, when I can take him out to Ohio or Illinois and have a chance of winning \$100,000?"

Yet the mystery remains. Dr. Jack Bryan, chairman of veterinary science at the University of Kentucky, ticks off the contributions of his profession to the sport, from the use of antibiotics to treat barn cough to new surgery techniques to remove bone chips. Then he admits, "I don't think they have anything to do with it. A Triple Crown winner is a running machine with courage. Nobody knows where that comes from."

## Big Casino

*Cooke sells for a record price*

Jack Kent Cooke signed checks worth \$5 million to underwrite the first Ali-Frazier fight in 1971. He spent upwards of \$10 million for 86% of the stock of the Washington Redskins. He bought the Los Angeles Lakers (\$5.2 million in 1965) and in 1967 started a National Hockey League team called the Kings in, of all unlikely places, sunny Southern California. Then he built the \$16 million Forum to house his athletic baubles. But the next check will read PAY TO THE ORDER OF JACK KENT COOKE. After 18 years as sport's premier entrepreneur, Cooke, 66, last week sold his basketball and hockey teams—tossing in their neoclassical arena in Inglewood and a 13,300-acre ranch—to Los Angeles Real Estate Tycoon Jerry Buss. As befits Cooke's style, the deal was the biggest in the history of professional athletics: \$67.5 million.

Cooke's divestiture came at the end of three bitter years of exile from the teams he once ran with the glee of a small boy on Christmas morning. He fled to Nevada in a vain attempt to escape California's community property laws during an acrimonious divorce and, suffering from a heart ailment, lost touch with his clubs. In his heyday, Cooke made the trades (Wilt Chamberlain, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar), picked the draft choices, coached the coaches and chastised waiters in the Forum Club restaurant for allowing a guest's water glass to remain empty. The eye for detail paid off: the Lakers won the N.B.A. championship in 1972, and have remained one of the good, if not great, teams in pro basketball. The Kings have been less successful, but the Forum, dubbed "Cooke's Folly" by local detractors, has been a smash, making money from games, rock concerts and ice shows.

Why did Cooke sell? Buss had made him an offer he couldn't refuse. "I've always said if someone offers me more than what I think one of my assets is worth, I'd be tempted to sell—and I did."

As for the swashbuckling Buss, 46, he dealt so high because he has been "a sports nut since I could remember," and, he adds, "if I handle it right and produce some winners, I can do rather well economically." Adds the new sports czar of the West Coast: "There's a lot of crap-shooter in me."



Jack Kent Cooke directing his sports empire

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## Theater

### Autopsy

I REMEMBER MAMA

Music by Richard Rodgers  
Lyrics by Martin Charnin and  
Raymond Jessel  
Book by Thomas Meehan

**W**hatever frantic doctoring occurred during *I Remember Mama's* arduous journey toward opening night, the patient is dead on arrival.

Apart from *Sweeney Todd*, this Broadway season has been a musical bone yard littered with seemingly logical decisions. It must have seemed logical to cast Liv Ullmann as the indomitable mother of a struggling Norwegian immigrant brood. Unfortunately, the only thing she gets right is her accent. Ullmann is no singer, and she croaks out her numbers with nary a trace of that speechifying grace that Rex Harrison brought to *My Fair Lady*. With her disconcertingly low voice and brisk delivery, it sometimes seems as if she is barking out orders, like some displaced storm trooper.

Ullmann's dancing is even more embarrassing. Her dance numbers make up in nervous tension what they mercifully lack in length. She watches her feet as if they were about to trip her up, and they almost do. This is true even in a simple folk dance that consists of kicking to the left and then kicking to the right.

One might expect Ullmann's acting to be a redeeming feature, but it isn't. Partly to exonerate her feeble efforts, it must be said that the role of Mama has not been written or developed. It is not even scribbled in. However, the mark of a professional is to be able to make something out of nothing. Instead, Ullmann lapses into a series of alternating smiles and frowns. There is no sense of emo-

tional conviction: it is as if she were making faces before an imaginary mirror. Too many years before the camera, perhaps, where her superbly expressive face, particularly her eyes, have been her fortune. A deeper defect is that she projects no wifely warmth or maternal affections. She treats Papa (George Hearn) like a stagehand who has wandered onto the set, and acts like a coolly efficient career woman with five pressing memos in front of her instead of five adoring children.

Ah, the children. How more saccharine than a sweet tooth they are. Pity the poor darlings. All they do is beam and fawn on Mama. Exempt the tiniest tot, Tara Kennedy, 7, who puts on a zitting display of stagewise expertise in a song-and-dance duo with George S. Irving. A born hamster, she's good enough to wake up the audience. So is Irving. As Uncle Chris, a cigar-chomping, whisky-swilling lecher, he, at least, colors the stage something other than its prevailing gray.

**C**ontemplating the rest of *Mama* is like reading a casualty list. At 76, Richard Rodgers is presumably too old to retire, and only he can tarnish his own honor. In recent years he has given us such faded flowers of his once gorgeous talent as *Two by Two* and *Rex*. None of the songs in this show need to be pressed in anyone's memory book. As for the lyrics of Martin Charnin and Raymond Jessel, they are, in Hamlet's words, weary, stale, flat and unprofitable.

There must be something good to say. Let us say yea for the way Theoni V. Aldredge has turned back the decades with the gracious flow of her costumes. And a resounding yea for David Mitchell's set, with its misty evocation of San Francisco and the ability to structure a home that looks lived in. But, alas, a frame doth not a picture make.

—T.E. Kalem



Liv Ullmann and George Hearn share a moment of domestic tranquility in *I Remember Mama*. Kicking to the left, kicking to the right and making faces before an imaginary mirror.

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## Show Business

### Golden Girl, Lost Lady

Mary Pickford: 1893-1979

**W**hen she died last week at 86, she was a shadowy legend, vaguely associated with the beginnings of movies, of celebrity in the modern sense. It is a tribute to the power of her former fame, and to the charm that most Americans know about only through the reminiscences of their elders, that her name could, for one last time, command the front page. Mary Pickford had been absent since 1933 from the movie screen that she had once dominated. For the past 13 years of her life, she was a recluse at Pickfair, the Beverly Hills mansion she had lived in since 1920, when she married Douglas Fairbanks, one of her few peers in silent films.

What younger generations could not know, since she closely guarded her films and an image she felt could no longer be appreciated, was that she was a great deal more than "America's Sweetheart." The plots of her films were often sentimental, but Pickford was not. She was a subtle actress, the best at the lost, enormously difficult art of silent-picture performance.

Her gestures were minimal, her expressions were mercurial, delicate yet powerful in their capacity to affect the emotions. If there was, finally, something unsettling about the way she continued to play nymphets until she was well over 30, it was a tribute to her mimetic gifts that she did so with such total persuasiveness. The reason was largely that her child-woman screen character was anything but sticky sweet. In *Stella Maris*, for instance, she played a double role: a crippled heiress and a love-obsessed slavey who commits murder so that the heiress and her lover (whom the slavey also loves) can find happiness. In the Dickensian *Sparrows*, she played a clever and persistent teen-ager who frees the inmates of an orphanage from sadistic bondage. It was a strong role for a forceful woman. Even in pictures like *Pollyanna* or *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, Pickford showed wit, endearing mischievousness and sheer spunk.

These were qualities that little Gladys Smith of Toronto apparently had at age five, when, after her father died, she started to act in stock companies. Under the guidance of her mother, the ultimate stage mom, she tramped her way out of the provinces to New York City. There Theatrical Producer David Belasco named her Mary Pickford, and D.W. Griffith, her first film director, began shaping the image from which she never quite escaped. "Through my professional creations," she once said, "I became, in a sense, my own child." She



In her role as queen of silent films, "America's Sweetheart" sits for a formal portrait. Underneath the sweetness was a reserve of wit, mischievousness and spunk.

was not permitted her first romantic screen kiss until 1927, 18 years after she came to the movies. When she cut off her long golden curls and bobbed her hair, flapper-style, a year or so later, it caused a national furor. "You would have thought I murdered someone, and perhaps I had, but only to give her successor a chance to live."

**T**he successor, however, never really developed. By then Pickford had become a Hollywood mogul as well as a star. In 1919 she joined with Fairbanks, Griffith and Charlie Chaplin to form United Artists. For years she had a firm hand in the running of the company. Her fortune was ultimately some \$50 million, much of it from real estate. Unlike Douglas Fairbanks, she was frightened by the mass adulation that greeted their public appearances. It was unprecedented, the need of the public to touch these images when they appeared in the flesh. He thrived on it and restlessly roamed the globe as his popularity faded. The rest-

lessness became sexual and finally caused their divorce in 1936. By then she was 42, and all she really wanted was a chance to enjoy her winnings in comfort. Pickfair was perhaps the most comfortable great house in America, elegant and welcoming. In 1937 she married Buddy Rogers, the band leader and actor who had given her that first screen kiss. Until her final withdrawal into solitude, she occupied herself with various causes, including work for the aged. At the end, she was devoted to her Bible and her booze, allegedly sipping away a bottle of it each day. It is also said that in her nightmares she would cry out for her mother and for her great love, Douglas Fairbanks. On the good days, though, she could still regale friends and family with tart and funny stories about the times when she and the medium she helped to develop were young. The films of those years are her legacy, still capable of rekindling the admiration and affection she once knew in astounding measure.

—Richard Schickel

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Front disc brakes and wide, 185HR steel-belted radial tires give TR7 stopping power in reserve. You may never need it all, but it's comforting to know it's there.



## WHAT'S INSIDE THE SHAPE?

An interior that's more than just comfortable—it's inspired. Multi-adjustable seats cradle you in front of instruments that are designed and positioned for instant readout.

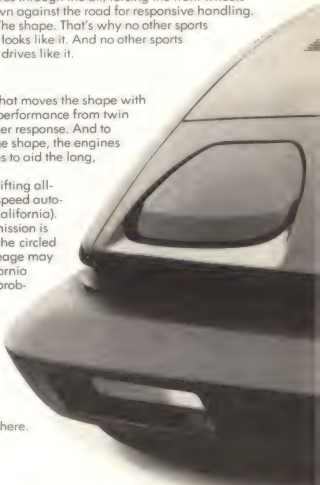
Steering column stalks control the lights, turn signals, wiper/washer, and horn and can be actuated almost without conscious effort. There are five useful bins and storage areas, and a ventilation system that actually breathes by means of cleverly placed intake vents and stale air extractors. And courtesy lights in each door flood the car with light on demand.



## WHAT'S BEHIND THE SHAPE?

Over 50 years of inherited sports car expertise and competition experience. The new laurel wreath emblem which signifies the TR7 comes from the same factory in Canley, England where Triumph craftsmen and engineers have created every classic TR before it.

The constant quest for the perfect sports car has led to hundreds of improvements and refinements in the 1979 TR7, from an improved cooling system to a subtly redesigned steering wheel that improves



# THE SHAPE



instrument readability

A team of 67 inspectors constantly monitors the Canley assembly line. Then a second group of inspectors monitor the 67 inspectors.

Each TR7 is given a detailed 58-point post-assembly check that meticulously covers everything from glovebox door alignment to the correct oil level.

But that's not the end of it. Before

a TR7 meets the high standards of Canley, there's yet another multi-point inspection. Only then is a TR7 ready to take its place among Europe's finest sports cars.

Triumph TR7. If you're into driving, TR7's a great shape to be in.

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call 800 447-4700; in Illinois call 800 322-4400.

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**THE SHAPE**  
**TR7**

## Economy & Business

# Bad Things Come in Threes

*Amid price surge, output slump and energy crunch, Carter seems stymied*

**F**rom all sides, the intertwined problems of inflation, recession and energy squeeze are closing in on the U.S. economy. Prices keep roaring ahead at a double-digit pace. Inflation-straitened consumers, who have long kept the economy rolling by spending above their means, are pulling back on their purse strings. So the longest, most sustained economic advance in U.S. peacetime history is rapidly coming to an end. As the nation heads toward its second energy-fueled recession in the past five years, the Carter Administration seems adrift and out of ideas for fighting back. Said a high Administration official: "The goddam economy is coming apart at the seams. And look at our program!"

What program? The Administration's wage and price guidelines, the program that business people and wage earners love to hate, has been as dead as Confederate currency since early spring. Last week a federal district court judge in Washington nailed the coffin shut. Judge Barrington D. Parker ruled in favor of the AFL-CIO and nine other union plaintiffs that President Carter had exceeded his authority in promulgating the guidelines. By threatening to withhold federal contracts from companies that violated the guidelines, the judge concluded, the program was coercive and thus "establishes a mandatory system of wage and price controls, unsupported by law."

Staffers at the Council of Wage and Price Stability insist that they can still enforce the guidelines by making companies targets of public censure, but some of the targets could not care less. Even as Judge Parker was gutting the program, White House Inflation Czar Alfred Kahn was publicly attacking Amerasia Hess, an oil company, for breaching the price standards. A Hess spokesman retorted, almost sneeringly: "We regret that the guidelines, as established by the council, do not allow us to comply." Groaned one Administration official: "They're thumbing their noses at us."

Kahn gamely announced that the Administration would appeal the ruling, but meanwhile the White House lacks any credible inflation policy. Said Kahn: "We've got our hands in the dike, and the problems are overflowing anyway."

More and more, the Administration



seems to be bereft of solutions to inflation, which has been steaming along at a 14% annual rate over the past three months. In economic counseling to the President, Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstat, 36, has now all but eclipsed not only Kahn but also Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal, Chief White

House Economist Charles Schultze and Energy Secretary James Schlesinger. The policy seems to be to wait for a recession and hope that it will contain the price explosion.

An economic downturn is clearly coming. "We're heading toward a recession, and I think it's a matter of a month or so away," says Washington University Economist Murray Weidenbaum. An outpouring of almost consistently weak statistics has persuaded more and more economists that the recession, which was commonly expected to pounce in the late summer or autumn, will arrive sooner. Michael Evans, the gloomy guru of Chase Econometrics, who has been predicting a slump for months, declares: "The recession is here." Most experts still expect the recession—loosely defined as at least two consecutive quarters of decline in the gross national product—to be shallow and last only six to nine months.

The G.N.P. grew only 4% in the first quarter, and a snapback in April had been widely anticipated. Instead, the Government's index of leading indicators, which gives some vague clues to future trends, declined 3.3% in April, the steepest plunge since 1974 and the fourth decline in five months. Industrial production fell 1%, housing starts remained sluggish, retail sales were flat, real personal earnings were down 2.6% and durable-goods orders plummeted 8.7%, their sharpest drop in eleven years. Alan Greenspan, business economic consultant, estimates that April's real G.N.P., discounted for inflation, dropped by nearly 2% at an annual rate. If that is so, achieving even a small increase in the current quarter would require a more robust rebound in May and June than is now evident.

Though one of May's earliest and most sensitive indicators, unemployment, remained steady at its April level of 5.8% of the labor force, auto sales slumped in the second ten days of the month to an annual rate of 7.9 million units, the lowest since January 1978. Says Arthur Okun, senior fellow at Washington's Brookings Institution: "If May is lousy, then this quarter is going to be a negative quarter, and we'll be in a recession."

The Administration's bitter-end optimists contend that April's figures were

### FROM WHERE, AND HOW MUCH

	Percentage of U.S. crude oil imports from each OPEC country 1978	Official dollar price per barrel, 1978 (April 1, 1979)	Oil production in millions of bbls a day, March '79
Saudi Arabia	18.3%	\$14.55	9.79
Nigeria	14.4	20.98	2.44
Libya	10.1	21.09	2.18
Algeria	9.9	21.00	1.23
Iran	8.8	18.47	4.00*
Indonesia	7.9	16.15	1.63
U.A.E.	6.1	17.90	1.82
Venezuela	2.8	16.36	2.43
Iraq	1.0	17.04	3.30
Other OPEC	2.3	-	3.12

\*Source: OPEC Quarterly Bulletin, October 1978



badly skewed by the Teamsters strike and floods in the Midwest. Daniel Brill, the Treasury Department's chief economist, points to the brisk growth in business spending as proof of the economy's continuing strength. Still, Treasury Secretary Blumenthal last week trimmed his growth estimates for the year as a whole down from 2.3% to 2%—or less.

**M**ore than anything else, the Administration suffers from an inability to send out coherent, consistent signals on energy policy. As crude-oil inventories declined earlier this spring, the White House began urging oil companies to rebuild their crude stockpiles, even though doing so unavoidably cut into refinery output. Later, with stocks of re-

are to prevent severe winter shortages.

The squeeze is being aggravated by competition from Western European importers, who are paying premium prices to buy up heating oil that is refined in off-shore Caribbean refineries and normally goes to the U.S. market. To ease the pinch, the Administration is now providing a temporary \$5-per-bbl. subsidy for U.S. importers to match the European price. This has infuriated Europeans, who rightly argue that U.S. policy is fueling a price war that will hurt everyone.

The Administration last week also started phasing out oil price controls in an effort to stimulate both increased domestic production and decreased consumption. With controls loosening, U.S. prices will rise whenever cartel members

crease onto its top-of-the-line "berri" light crude. Late in the week, Iran started the whole destructive process all over again by jumping up its prices another \$1.30 per bbl.

OPEC could be poised for a further jump in prices. Production from Iran hovers at about 4 million bbl. daily, or approximately two-thirds its pre-revolutionary output. But violence is flaring once again among oilworkers in the fields of Khuzistan. If the trouble results in even a modest drop in exports, that could send prices shooting into orbit.

Prices will probably rise at least somewhat in any case when the cartel meets in Geneva on June 26. One possibility being urged by both Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates: dumping the bewildered



Carter makes a point at his press conference last week as Inflation Adviser Alfred Kahn worries in his office over rising costs

fined heating oil and diesel fuel also dangerously low, the Administration urged oil companies to rebuild them too, even if gasoline production should suffer in the process. When gasoline output did not increase as it normally does in the spring, the Administration changed course again. Complains a top oil-industry lobbyist in Washington: "From now on, if DOE tells us to do something, I'm going to ask that they put it in writing."

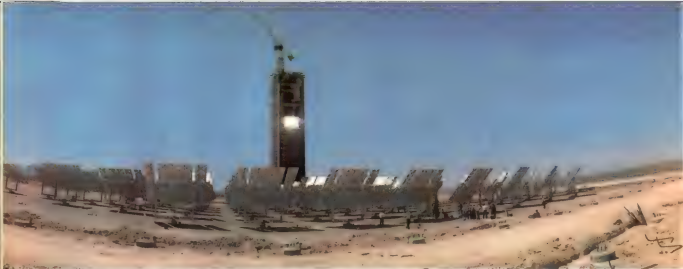
The fine tuning seems momentarily to be replenishing crude-oil stocks largely because the Administration is now urging oil companies to go out and buy whatever crude they can acquire on the world market. Diesel fuel and heating oil remain critical problems. Diesel is still generally available to farmers and truckers, though at prices that brought a column of truckers to Washington last week to double-park their rigs in front of the White House in protest. But heating-oil stocks have dwindled to only about 85% of last year's levels, and they must be rebuilt by autumn if they

post increases. Economist Okun figures that a \$1 raise by OPEC adds \$4 billion to U.S. prices and drains \$4 billion from U.S. consumer purchasing power. Admits Inflation Adviser Kahn: "The standard of living is going down, and there is nothing that I can do about it. The question is how to divide the burden without tearing ourselves apart."

Since April, when OPEC boosted prices 9% to an average of \$14.55 per bbl., price gouging by individual members has pushed up charges for some grades of crude to \$20 or more per bbl. Lately cartel members have been leapfrogging each other to grab ever higher prices. No sooner did Algeria and Nigeria post unilateral increases of up to \$2.45 per bbl. on their low-sulfur crude than Libya raised the price of its own competing grade by a comparable amount. The increase, Libya's second in a month, was promptly followed by a rise by Iraq as well. Even Saudi Arabia, which is generally regarded as a pricing moderate in the cartel, tacked a \$1.40-per-bbl. in-

creasing hodgepodge of existing prices and settling on a single figure for all members, perhaps at a new level of \$17 to \$18 per bbl. Doing so would be coupled with a pledge by members not to add on additional premiums and surcharges. That would seem merely to ratify the cartel's unilateral increases since April, with no assurance to importing nations that a new spiral would not start almost immediately.

**T**he truth is that in both energy and the economy the deterioration has by now gone too far for the Administration to do much of anything. The cooling economy cannot easily be turned around—nor, in fact, should it be. Congressional enactment of mandatory wage and price controls remains a remote possibility if inflation shows another alarming burst as the economy winds down. But, short of that, recession seems about the only option still open to the Administration to curb the nation's crippling consumption of oil and to slow the price surge.



Computerized banks of mirrors at solar station in Albuquerque reflect the sun's rays onto a boiler in tower, producing steam

STEVE KORTSHOF

# Energy: Fuels of the Future

*A time to test everything, from the radiant sun to humble garbage*

**L**ike leftover props from a sci-fi thriller movie, strange apparitions are appearing across the U.S. In the deserts of New Mexico, huge banks of motorized mirrors track the sun and focus its rays into a cyclops-like eye of red heat. A mountain in North Carolina has been crowned with what appears to be a giant aircraft propeller. A large man-made atoll, resembling a top that Gulliver would have spun for the Lilliputians, may soon be floating off the coast of California. All are imaginative, experimental devices to help find and develop alternative energies, which would alleviate the dangerous dependency on OPEC oil.

Today the U.S. gets about 96% of its energy from only four expendable sources: oil, natural gas, coal and uranium. Each suffers one or more environmental, safety, cost or supply disadvantages. The International Energy Agency estimates that this year, even without new crude production cutbacks by OPEC, the worldwide supply of oil could fall short of demand by 2.3 million bbl. a day. The U.S. is particularly vulnerable, since it accounts for 19 million bbl. of the total demand of 60 million bbl., and uses about 60% of all the gasoline burned in the industrial countries.

Conservation can ease the crisis temporarily, but it is not a long-term solution. If the nation is to grow economically over the next two decades and moderate the fast approaching oil-fueled recession, it must secure supplementary supplies of reasonably priced, politically unfettered energy. Given the OPEC stranglehold, that means developing as rapidly as possible alternative sources of power. The U.S. has changed energy sources before, first from wood to coal and later to oil, and each conversion has led to a new burst of investment, innovation and prosperity. While some of today's energy alternatives may seem like a step backward,

they could collectively contribute more than 25% of the country's energy needs by the year 2000. Says John Sawhill, former Federal Energy Administration director: "We ought to be looking at everything because we do not know where the major breakthroughs will come."

There are nine promising alternatives. Some have potential everywhere, and others are limited by the constraints of geography, cost or technology. They range from oil shale and tar sands, which have the supreme advantage of providing petroleum itself, to solar power, wind, waves and other exotic forms, which theoretically can provide huge amounts of electricity but no oil. A situation report on each:

**Shale.** In a 16,000-sq.-mi. area where Colorado, Utah and Wyoming meet, vast deposits of shale hold an estimated 1.8 trillion bbl. of oil, roughly 60 times the nation's proven reserves of liquid petroleum. Shale is a hard rock, light gray to charcoal in color, that contains a solid organic material called kerogen. When heated to temperatures as high as 900 F., it breaks down into oil and gas. The richest shale

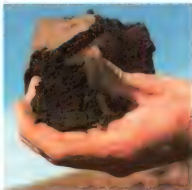
deposits yield up to 2 bbl. of oil per ton. Not all shale is recoverable, but it could contribute up to 300,000 bbl. of oil a day by 1990 and much more later.

Union Oil Co. of California, which has been operating experimental shale plants since the 1950s, now plans a major \$120 million project 62 miles northeast of Grand Junction, Colo. Construction will start soon after Congress passes a \$3-per-bbl. tax credit that the Carter Administration recommends and Colorado issues the final permits. Standard mining techniques will bring the rock to a surface retort for heating and converting to oil. About 10,000 tons of shale will be processed daily to deliver 9,000 bbl. of high-quality oil. Union insists that the oil can be produced for only \$23 per bbl., a price competitive now. But other companies suggest that the costs are much higher.

Even with the tax credit, commercial development may be stalled by two environmental problems: water and waste. For each barrel of oil, processing requires about 2 bbl. of water for washing out impurities and cooling, and water is in short supply in the West. Also the crushed residue has a larger volume than the shale that is extracted, and rubble remains after the processing is finished.

Water and waste difficulties can be avoided by a new method being tested by Occidental Petroleum Corp. It processes the shale *in situ* (in place) by starting fires in underground mines to separate the oil so that it can be pumped to the surface. While environmentally attractive, the method produces low-quality oil. An even newer idea, developed by the I.I.T. Research Institute, is to "cook" the oil out of the ground by means of radio waves conducted by electrodes dropped down bore holes.

**Tar Sands.** Goopy concentrations of tarlike oil are locked in surface and shallow, underground sand deposits that look



Thick, gooey tar sands are rich in oil

WILL GREEN—AP/WIDEWORLD

## Economy & Business

like a beach after a tanker spill. The U.S. has some of these tar sands, mainly in Utah, and although there is speculation that they may be larger than originally supposed, they are still regarded as too remote and inaccessible to be exploitable. The largest tar sands reserves cover some 12,000 sq. mi. of northwestern Alberta, Canada. These 200 million-year-old deposits contain about 900 billion bbl. of oil, enough to supply the whole of North America for 114 years. Canada already extracts 90,000 bbl. of synthetic fuel a year from the tar sands, but the problem is getting more out at the right price.

Some 4,400 lbs. of the sand, about the same weight as a Cadillac, must be mined and heated in aboveground retorts to give off 1 bbl. of thick bitumen. This, in turn, can be refined conventionally into oil. But the bitter 40° F below, local winters make year-round operations difficult, and the expansion of the volume of the sand during extraction creates an environmental disposal problem.

Last September Syncrude Canada Ltd., a joint venture of four oil compa-

saves only about \$40 a year in fuel bills. The promising new frontier is photovoltaics, the direct conversion of sunlight into electricity by using silicon-crystal panels. Though the price of photovoltaic cells has been cut in half since 1975, the cost is still \$9 per watt,\* equal to a staggering \$40,000 for a one-family home. Still, advances are being made in the efficiency of panels and methods to store power at night. Last month, Texas Instruments claimed one breakthrough that should lower the costs: a self-contained photovoltaic system, which changes the sunlight into a fuel suitable for producing electricity day and night. The Department of Energy has set a goal to reduce the cost per watt to \$2 by 1982 and 30¢ by 1990.

Large-scale commercial applications of solar power are also being examined, including one far-out idea to send up a solar satellite that could beam energy to earth in the form of microwaves. At Sandia Labs. in New Mexico, the DOE is testing components for future solar-power tower systems. Large arrays of computer-directed mirrors, or heliostats, reflect and concentrate the sunlight on a tower containing a steam boiler linked to an electricity-producing turbine. This October, Southern California Edison Co. will start building the nation's first such device linked to a power grid. Located in Daggett, Calif., it will have as many as 1,800 mirrors and during the day should generate 10 megawatts of power, enough for the needs of several thousand homes. Cost: \$116 million.

**Biomass.** One new slogan: If it grows, burn it—or convert it to energy. Home-owners, utilities, manufacturers and municipal governments are experimentally burning all forms of natural growth, or biomass, including urban garbage, sugar cane, walnut shells and plants. At the



Low-head hydro power supplies lumber mill



Shale rock has so much oil that it can burn

nies and the government of Canada and the Province of Alberta, started a \$2.2 billion project to extract the oil. It aims to produce 125,000 bbl. a day by 1982. Another 40 experimental projects are also under way, including two by the Canadian subsidiaries of Shell and Exxon. Most are exploring *in situ* extraction that involves feeding steam into the sand or lighting fires underground so that the oil separates in place and can be pumped out.

**Solar.** The sun's output of energy is enormous, and environmentalists regard it as the most pleasing energy alternative. But solar technology is in its infancy, and existing methods of drawing heat and electricity from the sun are inefficient and expensive. Today solar contributes less than 1% of the nation's needs.

The most common solar devices, accounting for 95% of sales, are the flat, box-like, conventional thermal units that sit on rooftops. These use the sun's rays to heat water, which in turn heats home water systems. A basic series of units for a one-family home costs about \$2,000 and

\*Electric power is measured by the number of watts that can be generated by a single power source. A kilowatt is 1,000 watts, a megawatt is 1,000 kilowatts. The U.S. consumes about 30% of its energy in the form of electricity, and the cost of building and maintaining a plant to generate a single watt is \$1 for a coal-fired utility and \$1.25 for a nuclear plant.

same time, government-funded projects are examining means to extract energy from common biological wastes like animal manures. A poultry farmers' cooperative in Arkansas will soon recycle 100 tons of chicken manure daily to produce 1.2 million cu. ft. of methane equal to 12,000 gal. of gasoline; it is then used to power automobiles that have engines converted to accept methane. The DOE calculates that biomass now supplies 1% of the nation's energy. In some areas, the percentage is higher and rising fast.

Wood is by far the most promising popular biomass fuel, especially in the thickly forested areas. In northern New England, where energy costs 26% more than the national average, nearly 20% of all homes rely on wood as a primary heating source. Its use has grown sixfold since 1970 because 1) new, all-enclosed wood stoves increase heat efficiency way above that of open fireplaces, and 2) new cen-



Mountain of garbage will be fed to furnace, generating electricity in West Hempstead, N.Y.



# “Us Tareyton smokers would rather **light** than fight!”

Your present filter is only doing half the job, because it doesn't have Tareyton's activated charcoal filtration. There is no substitute for Tareyton lights flavor.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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Tareyton lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Tareyton long lights: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



## Economy & Business

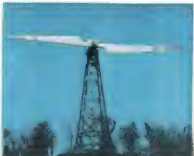
tral-heating furnaces that burn both wood and oil can save up to 200 gal. of oil for each cord (128 cu. ft.) of wood consumed. A New England Congressional Caucus study optimistically forecasts that 50% of Maine's energy needs could be met by wood in the mid-1980s. Also, about 150 paper and pulp plants burn wood commercially, each producing an average of 500 kw of electricity for local industry, thus saving about 5 million bbl. of oil per year.

Another increasingly popular fuel for commercial plants is urban garbage. At least 16 plants burn refuse in such cities as New York, Chicago, Sacramento and Milwaukee. One of the latest to switch to garbage power is Hempstead, N.Y., which has set up a \$73 million plant on Long Island that will consume 2,000 tons of waste a day and generate up to 40 Mw (megawatts), enough electricity for 15% of the residential needs of Hempstead's 865,000 population.

**Coal Conversion.** The U.S. has just over a quarter of the world's known reserves of coal. But coal is expensive to transport and heavily polluting. One solution: convert it into gas or oil. Neither idea is new; London's street lights last century were powered by coal gas, and during World War II Germany fueled its planes and tanks with coal oil. The conversion involves heating the coal to very high temperatures under high pressure so that it decomposes and gives off oils, carbon monoxide and hydrogen gases, which then have to be passed through a catalyst and cleaned of impurities.

South Africa, loaded with coal but shy on oil and boycotted by most of OPEC, leads the world in coal-to-oil technology. Converting coal since the 1950s, South Africa now produces 10% of its oil and gas from coal. The Pretoria government has commissioned Fluor Corp. to build two new plants for \$6.7 billion that will produce more than 80,000 bbl. of oil per day by 1983. The process requires 1 ton of coal for 1 bbl. of oil. South Africa keeps cost figures secret, but outside estimates of close to \$30 per bbl. make conversion only a long-term, expensive solution to U.S. energy needs. However, a small test plant has been built in Catlettsburg, Ky., with federal, state and private money. It will open this fall and produce 1,800 bbl. of oil daily from 600 tons of coal.

**Geothermal.** Iceland already gets much of its energy from the earth's hot interior, and DOE analysts believe that many Western states could start to follow this example. Geothermal energy exists in volcanoes, geysers and hot springs, and can be tapped by sinking wells roughly 2,000 ft. into the reservoirs of superheated water and steam that are sandwiched between layers of rock close to the earth's molten lava. Steam rises to the surface, where it can be used to power turbines that generate electricity, and is then allowed to flow back underground for natural reheating and reuse.



World's largest windmill in North Carolina

There are three problems. The reservoirs often can be as difficult to find as oil deposits; they are close to the surface in only a few areas; and the steam usually has a relatively low temperature that is not very efficient for turning turbines. But the energy is essentially inexhaustible, environmentally benign and, above all, free.

Union Oil Co. has built one of the first U.S. geothermal power stations at Geyserville, Calif., 90 miles northwest of San Francisco. It sends 608 Mw, 2% of California's electricity, to Pacific Gas and Electric's utility grid, enough to power 500,000 homes. The cost is only 1.8¢ per kw, and Union Oil optimistically suggests that by 1990 geothermal energy could provide 25% of California's electricity.

**Hydro.** Fifty years ago, the U.S. got a third of its electricity from dams. But many were destroyed or abandoned during the era of cheap oil, and that contribution has since dropped to less than 15%. But water power is now coming back into fashion.



Vertical axis windmill in New Mexico

Since dams have already been built on most commercially promising sites around the nation that have steep drops as well as fast and large river flows, the greatest enthusiasm now is for the restoration of "low head" dams (less than 65 ft. high) to supply power to local communities and industries. The New England Congressional Caucus, a group of the area's federal representatives, puts the potential regional saving from new dams at up to 19 million bbl. of oil a year, or as much as the U.S. uses in one day.

A number of states are surveying their rivers to measure the hydroelectric potential. A study by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers concludes that there is an untapped power supply of 40,000 Mw from new and existing U.S. dams that have been allowed to fall into disuse, enough to power 100 cities the size of Washington. By some estimates, if all the hydro sites now under study could be repaired, they would yield the energy output of 16 nuclear plants for the cost of only 2½ new nuclear plants.

Such a historically retrograde energy step is unlikely, partly because some river flows are too weak and environmental opposition is too strong. The objections center mainly on fears that the dams would either silt up rivers or require large reservoirs that destroy land. But with the promise of inexhaustible free power, some utilities are again becoming interested in this old idea.

**Wind.** Don Quixote's nemesis could supply perhaps 2% of the nation's electric power by 1990. Modern windmills, which turn electric generators rather than grind grain, do not look anything like the revolving sails that dot Holland's countryside.

Atop Howard's Knob mountain, near Boone, N.C., the world's largest windmill is about to start producing electricity for up to 500 homes. Costing \$6 million, it has two 100-ft. propeller blades, which will generate power for about 18¢ per kw. A similar looking but smaller model in Clayton, N. Mex., produces electricity for more than half the town's 3,000 residents.

Sandia Labs is experimenting in Albuquerque with a vertical-axis wind-turbine design that looks like a weird egg-beater. Like all windmills, it suffers commercially from having intermittent power output, but the small estimated cost of no more than 5¢ per kw-hr can make it an attractive alternative, especially in inaccessible and rural areas, where power is costly.

**The Sea.** The power of the ocean is obvious to anyone who watches the violence of the sea in a storm. Four forms of seawater could be exploited: currents, tides, waves and heat.

Current power is being studied under a DOE grant by Aerovironment Inc., a small firm in Pasadena, Calif. It is considering sinking large electricity-producing turbines off the Florida coast, with

rotating "windmills" turned by the Gulf Stream and connected to generators that pump power to shore by submarine cable.

Tidal power is being generated in small quantities in France and the Soviet Union. Long, low dams are built at estuaries, where the tidal rise and fall is large. The dams capture the water at high tide and let it run out through turbines at low tide. The catch is that power is generated only twice a day.

The waves falling on a mile of beach contain an estimated 65 Mw of power, but that force is difficult to harness. The British, French and Japanese are working on wave-power projects. Most involve some kind of rafts hinged together by pistons; the rocking motion forces the pistons to pump water that turns turbines. A different U.S. plan, now being studied by Lockheed, would use a 250-ft-diameter man-made "atoll" tethered at sea. Looking like a giant doughnut, it would float with its top just above the surface. The waves surging across the rim would flow down the center hole and turn a turbine.

Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion (OTEC) devices, which get power from the 45° F temperature differential that can exist between surface tropical water and the deep, are being studied by both Lockheed and TRW Inc. The idea is to use the warmer water to heat liquid ammonia into gas, which would drive a turbine, and then draw up cold water through long pipes to recool the gas into liquid. Tested as early as the 1930s, the idea has been shown to work, but it has never been very economical. A 10,000-Mw complex, enough for 6.6 million people, would cost \$25 billion.

Experts have strong and sharply differing opinions on which of these alternatives stands the best chance of succeeding and should be given the most attention. But the U.S. is not yet in a position where it can make the hard choice to ride with one and damn the others. Until the applications, costs and technologies of each alternative become better understood, the U.S. would be wise to examine all of them. That will require sharply increased Government funding, since most of the options are too long-term and high risk to gain financial backing in the open market.

In some cases, increased R. and D. expenditure may not pay off in terms of squeezing out more energy, but the costs will not have been wasted. OPEC operates on the theory that oil prices are destined to go up, and so it makes little sense to pump out huge quantities of oil now. A substantially increased effort to develop alternative sources could destroy, or at least temper, the idea that oil is certain to become increasingly more valuable. Such an effort could both persuade OPEC to pump more oil today and tend to hold down prices tomorrow.

## Ingot We Trust

### Gold rush of '79 heats up

The famous 17-year cicada has nothing on the perennial goldbug. Quick-buck speculators, long-haul investors and just plain inflation-scared savers have put so much money into gold that last week it ballooned to a record \$277.15 an ounce. Other precious metals have been piggy-backing on the yellow stuff. Lately silver and platinum have risen even faster than gold. Predictions that gold could hit \$300 an ounce by midsummer—and that other metals could rise in tandem—are becoming self-fulfilling as speculators rush to buy in anticipation of higher prices.

Europeans, who traditionally seek refuge in gold during days of crisis, are buying enthusiastically because the Continent has been hit by energy-induced inflation. During the first quarter, prices rose at an annual rate of 9% in Switzerland and 9.6% in West Germany, weakening their strong currencies. So far this year, gold has risen even more sharply against the Swiss franc and the German mark than against the dollar.

Much of the recent buying comes from beyond Europe. Speculators in Turkey have made fabulous profits by hoarding gold as a hedge against their own sharply declining currency. The Arabs remain major buyers, and they like to get gold in 400-ounce bars (now worth about \$110,000 each). Germany's Dresdner Bank is rumored to be holding 50 tons of gold for Arab accounts. It was presumably for those customers that the bank scooped up 652,000 of the 750,000 ounces auctioned off last month by the U.S. Treasury.

In the past two years, a new band of buyers has flocked to the market: American institutional investors. Some U.S. pension funds, mutual funds and bank trust departments are putting a portion of their assets into bullion. Meanwhile, U.S. individuals, professional hedgers and a number of the larger multinational corporations are in the gold futures market. As a result, contracts representing 312 million ounces were written in the first four months of this year, and the level of futures trading in the U.S. dwarfs gold markets abroad. Individual Americans last year also bought at least 3.7 million ounces of gold coins, a greater amount than was sold in any other country.

The rise in precious metals is also powered by a lack of supply. The U.S. Government sells gold to support the dollar, but since the greenback has strengthened this year, traders figure that Washington might call off its gold auctions. Last month the Treasury cut its monthly offerings in half to 750,000 ounces, and the International Monetary Fund has reduced its monthly sales slightly, to 444,000 ounces. "Combine those two,

and you take out almost 20% of world supply," says a U.S. gold analyst. The Soviets, who earned \$2.6 billion from the sale of 13.8 million ounces of gold through the Wozchod Bank in Zurich last year, have been selling at only half that rate so far this year, perhaps waiting for higher prices. South Africa, which supplies a steady 22.5 million ounces to the market each year, stands to earn \$6.2 billion at current prices.

Strong economies in many countries have also put the squeeze on the supply of those precious metals that are used in industry. Platinum, which is needed for pollution-fighting catalytic converters in



cars, has risen an eye-popping 173%, to well over \$400 an ounce, since the Soviet Union, a big supplier of the metal, started throttling back exports two years ago. Some market watchers expect it soon to hit \$500. The demand last year for silver, used for coinage, camera film and tableware, was about 17 million ounces greater than the supplies of 433 million ounces from regular channels, and the remainder had to be made up by dipping into private stockpiles. A slowing of the world economy might cause prices to decline. But until that happens, precious metals will remain an expensive security blanket for nervous investors.

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## Milestones

**ENGAGED.** *Marie Osmond*, 19, distaff half of ABC-TV's toothily wholesome Donny and Marie duo; and *Jeff Crayton*, 23, a college student and actor, in Orem, Utah.

**DIED.** *Neil Jacoby*, 69, conservative economist who was dean of U.C.L.A.'s Graduate School of Business Administration and served on President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. A free-market champion ("Adam Smith was the prophet"), Jacoby was warning about high inflation as long ago as the late 1950s, and argued that the proper cure was not controls but a curb on the red ink flowing out of Washington.

**DIED.** *George Brent*, 75, Irish-born film heartthrob of the '30s and '40s best remembered as the surgeon who loves but cannot save *Bette Davis* in the classic 1939 tearjerker *Dark Victory*; of emphysema; in Solana Beach, Calif.

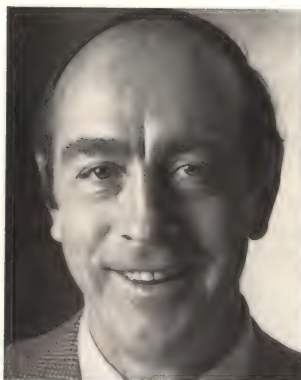
**DIED.** *Kurt Jooss*, 78, German choreographer renowned for highly dramatic, topical ballets, of which the most acclaimed was his 1932 pacifist masterpiece, *The Green Table*; of injuries suffered in a car accident; in Heilbronn, West Germany.

**DIED.** *Eric Partridge*, 85, indefatigable English lexicographer and student of the language's quirks and conventions, in Devon, England. Born in New Zealand and educated in Australia and at Oxford, the tall, spare Partridge abandoned a budding career as an English professor (he feared he would become "a bloody bore") to devote himself to publishing and writing. Though he once turned out a novel in a month for his Scholaris Press in London, he gave up fiction to make a profession of his passion: the study of words. Over five decades, he compiled 16 erudite lexicons devoted to slang, clichés and other aspects of the language; his last effort, *A Dictionary of Catch Phrases* (1977), contained 3,000 entries. "The Word King," as Critic Edmund Wilson dubbed him, savaged linguistic abuses (he found American sociopsychological jargon especially "pitiable") and saluted plain, popular usage. Language, he said, "was created by people, not in a laboratory."

**DIED.** *Mary Pickford*, 86, "America's Sweetheart," of a stroke; in Santa Monica, Calif. (see **SHOW BUSINESS**)

**DIED.** *Lou Little*, 87, peppery football coach at Columbia University for 26 seasons beginning in 1930; of a heart attack; in Delray Beach, Fla. Little's teams were famous for upset victories, among them a 1934 Rose Bowl win over Stanford, but his most enduring legacy was a winning isn't-the-only-thing philosophy that was reflected in the de-emphasis of football throughout the Ivy League in the 1950s. The sport, he worried, had become "a sensible game surrounded by crazy people."





## One of these men just bought a car that's specially ordered, newly painted, but belongs to someone else.

He got a "really great deal" from "somebody who knew somebody in the business." What the man on the left didn't know was that "the business" was car theft—a \$1.7 billion business—one of the most lucrative and costly crimes in the country today. Lucrative for thieves, costly for the rest of us.

Organized car theft rings have found that stealing automobiles is profitable in several ways. Some people arrange to have their cars stolen to collect on the insurance. Then the car is broken up into valuable parts for re-sale. Other people seek to buy used cars at a lower price than offered on the legitimate market, even though they may know something isn't right with the deal.

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In several states, concerned citizens are working with law enforcement and insurance personnel to check the spread of auto theft. We applaud and support these efforts and urge you to do the same. Working together, we believe we can make a difference and keep automobile insurance affordable.

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- Investigating theft claims more thoroughly
- Encouraging manufacturers to install improved locking devices
- Utilizing a system that checks for incorrect or forged vehicle identification numbers
- Encouraging improvement of state automobile certificate of title laws
- Informing people what they can do to prevent auto theft

### Here's what you can do:

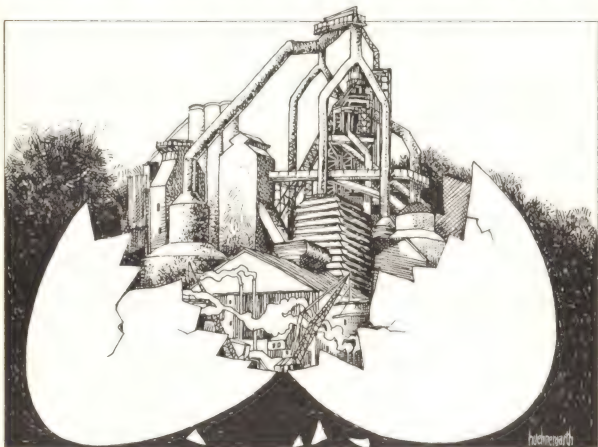
- Check the title before you buy a used car
- Support anti-car theft campaigns sponsored by the National Automobile Theft Bureau and by other organizations
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# People



Sacchi as bogus Bogie

Listen, kid, and listen good. The joker in the trench coat is not the real McCoy, but an actor gent from New York. Goes by the name of Sacchi. **Robert Sacchi**, and he's making a flick in L.A. called *The Man with Bogart's Face*. It's all about this guy who takes the name of Sam Marlowe (clever, huh?), gets his puss fixed to look like the one and only, and becomes a private dick in Hollywood. Hires a secretary who could stop traffic on Sunset but has the brains of a flea, tangles with a midget, finds a stiff by the name of Horst Borsht, and runs into a Nazi. You know, the usual job. This dead ringer has played Bogie in tube spots for Ford and Gillette, trench coat and all. He's 39, and not bad for a beginner. Now if he can only find a dame who can teach him how to whistle....

To print in the New York Times what **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono** printed there last week all you need is love—and \$18,240. That's what the ex-Beatle, who is now 38 and last released an album in 1975, paid for a full-page ad billed as "A Love Letter from John and Yoko to People Who Ask Us What, When and Why." He and his wife take five paragraphs to bring a presumably breathless world up to date on how the Lennon family is far-

ing in Manhattan. The couple have been conducting a "Spring Cleaning of our minds," and report that "the things we have tried to achieve in the past by flashing a V sign, we try now through wishing." Son Sean, 3, is "beautiful," their plants are healthy, the cats are "purring." Lest anyone be hurt by the very private life they have been leading, they aver that their "silence is a silence of love and not of indifference. Remember, we are writing in the sky instead of on paper—that's our song."

Some began calling her **Ursula Urdress** after she posed nude for *Playboy* no fewer than seven times, but for her latest film **Actress Ursula Andress** dresses up at least a bit. Perhaps she wore clothes out of respect for her distinguished co-stars in *Clash of Titans*, a \$10 million mythic fantasy with **Sir Laurence Olivier** playing Zeus, **Claire Bloom** as his wife Hera, and **Maggie Smith** as Thetis, mother of Achilles. She certainly didn't need to dress because of her role: she plays the goddess of love, *Aphrodite*, a



Ursula Andress almost dressed as the aluring Aphrodite



Former G-Man Clarence Kelley debuts as gem man on TV commercial

fitting part for the woman who once said she keeps in shape "by loving."

**Efrem Zimbalist Jr.** he's not, but **Clarence Kelley** is a former director of the FBI, and he has taped a television spot extolling a product that promises to foil gem thieves. The instrument, marketed by Gemprint, Ltd., of Chicago, photographs a diamond's interior; the pic-

ture is filed at the company's headquarters, where it is always available to identify the gem if it is lost or stolen. "I can't deny I got into it to supplement my income," explains Kelley, who admits that his pay as a Gemprint director and huckster is "very substantial." But, ever the cop, Kelley contends, "I want to cripple the gem theft business." And no one, after all, ever said that crime busting should not pay.

## On the Record

**Abbie Hoffman**, aging Yippie, on California Governor Jerry Brown: "I don't trust him. [He has] more colors than a Panamanian patio at sunset."

**Jim Brown**, black actor and former football star, on the dismal career prospects for blacks in American films today: "Hollywood is the way it is in Mississippi. We've retreated to a new plantation."

**Bob Berglund**, Agriculture Secretary, farmer and ex-Congressman, on Capitol Hill life: "Terrible. Early morning, late at night, seven days a week. It's like the dairy business."

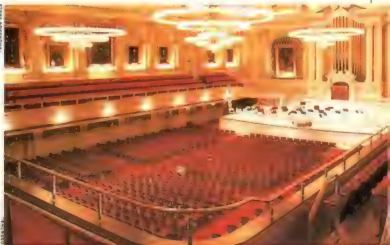
**Barbara Walters**, TV journalist, on how an older woman newscaster might fare: "That's far away for me, but we've had no woman to test it yet. People have no trouble accepting Walter Cronkite as 'Uncle Walter,' but I don't know if they want to see 'Aunt Barbara.'"



The five-story atrium in Louisville's Museum of Natural History and Science, once a warehouse



Mechanics Hall, Worcester, Mass., has an old cast-iron facade, a new annex and refurbished concert hall; below, Chicago's public library



## Living

### The Recycling Of America

*Old buildings make new landmarks*

**O**f all American characteristics, none perhaps has been more enduring than the national preoccupation with newness. This trait nourishes invention, but faddishness as well. Its least attractive symptom may be Americans' rejection of almost anything old that is not a marketable antique. In no aspect of the nation's life has this been more evident than in the reckless, relentless assault on old buildings and neighborhoods. The "pull-down-and-build-over spirit," as Walt Whitman

dubbed it, has been incalculably costly in terms of aesthetics, energy and the sense of continuity that binds communities and generations together.

And yet, if the past decade has produced a single cultural bench mark of note, it has been the remarkable turn-about in Americans' estimation of their bricks-and-mortar legacy. In their new appreciation of the old, well-made, neglected structures in their midst, one New Yorker notes wryly, city dwellers resemble the estimable *bourgeois gentilhomme* of Molière's play who discovers to his delight that he has unconsciously been speaking prose all his life.

In cities and towns across the country, the great urban renewal juggernaut of the 1950s and early 1960s has ground to a halt in uglification or nullity. The eccentric souls who argued that new is not necessarily better no longer have to prostrate themselves before bulldozers to make their point. They have been joined by civ-



ic leaders, foundations, architects and businessmen who can cite scores of projects in which outmoded buildings have been rehabilitated and have in many cases revitalized moribund inner-city districts.

More than 500 U.S. cities now have preservation ordinances aimed specifically at saving honorable structures from the wrecker's ball. A raft of federal, state and local laws provide financial incentives to adapt disused buildings to creative new uses. The U.S. Department of the Interior has boosted its funding of such projects from \$300,000 in 1968 to \$60 million this year, as much in realization of their economic potential as appreciation of their historic value. Old courthouses, railroad stations, firehouses, police stations, armories, ice houses, hotels, office buildings, factories, warehouses, schools and department stores have found a lively new lease on life. They are what one Interior Department official calls "the last frontier" for urban rediscovery.

From San Francisco's pioneering Ghirardelli Square and Boston's celebrated Faneuil Hall-Quincy Market complex, from Manhattan's reclaimed SoHo district to Sacramento's rehabilitated Skid Row, the emphasis is not so much on reverential restoration of old buildings as on their modernization and re-use without distortion of their original character. While this trend was long resisted by architects who feel that their role is to leave their own creative imprint on the cityscape, many of the nation's top architectural firms have joined the movement to preserve and refit. Three years ago, for the first time, the venerable American Institute of Architects gave official recognition to their work by allotting four of its coveted annual Honor Awards to renovation projects, several of them quite modest. This week at its convention in Kansas City, no fewer than six of the 15 A.I.A. awards will go to recycled buildings.

**T**he broad interest in recycling is illustrated by a traveling exhibition called "Buildings Reborn: New Uses, Old Places." Circulated by the Smithsonian Institution, the recyclorama was originally scheduled for a 22-city tour but is now booked into 67 cities, with 48 more on the waiting list. "Buildings Reborn" was organized by New Yorker Barbaralee Diamondstein, author of a handsome book by the same name (Harper & Row, \$10) and herself a pioneer in the movement. Says Diamondstein, a former White House aide and a charter member of the New York Landmarks Conservancy: "Adaptive re-use [of old buildings] is moving from erratic initiative, a loft here, a firehouse there, to become a superb planning tool. It's no longer just a question of restoring a mansard roof or a neo-classic colonnade but of looking at entire neighborhoods and districts. Now I look for us to move from buildings reborn to communities reborn."

The main impetus has come from the environmentalist movement. Conserva-



One of the airy, uncluttered exhibition galleries in St. Louis' transformed Art Museum

tionists recognized that the preservation of man-made environments and the re-use of finite resources should be as much a matter of concern as the natural ecology. Energy shortages and the faltering economy gave the movement immediacy. Old buildings, one critic has noted, are "a kind of stored-up energy," and they are in place, whereas the steel, glass and aluminum devoured by skyscrapers and shopping centers require huge quantities of energy to produce and assemble. (According to one federal study, an existing building can operate for 16 years on the amount of energy it takes to build the structure from scratch.) Also, in most instances, though by no means all, a staunch old building can be converted for modern usage at less cost than equivalent new construction.

Social critics believe that the Bicentennial kindled a new respect for the nation's physical heritage. More subtly, in

the post Viet Nam-Watergate years, many people have become skeptical of massive government programs of any sort. The recycling movement is usually planned and executed locally, on a relatively small scale. Then too there seems to be a growing nostalgia for an earlier age. Notes Sociologist Amitai Etzioni: "The trend to preserve and recycle is not an isolated thing but part of the social fabric. Faced with recession and inflation, Americans are very down on their national future. That is why we have this romanticization of the past. The feeling that 'we are kings of the world, modernity is terrific' is gone. Now glass and streamlining symbolize coldness, impersonality, gas guzzling. Today we find warmth and comfort in more traditional buildings." Adds Hugh Hardy, whose New York architectural firm, Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, won an A.I.A. award for its transformation of the St. Louis Art Museum: "Doing alterations used to be like raising pant legs and fixing cats. But the public has forced the architectural profession into re-use. The notion of history has become acceptable; in architecture, people have taken a more humanistic, less mechanistic view."



New look for 1896 bank in Princeton, N.J.

Where we came from and are going.

**I**ndeed, the emphasis of the A.I.A. citations for recycled buildings is as much on their designers' "respect" for the values of the old as on their innovative treatment of the space at hand. In adapting the 123-year-old Mechanics Hall in Worcester, Mass., the Boston firm of Anderson Notter Finegold retained a historical consultant to examine early photographs of the cast-iron facade under a microscope in order to authenticate construction and ornamental details. The hall, which in its heyday was graced by such luminaries as Thoreau, Emerson, Mark Twain, Dickens, Caruso and Teddy Roosevelt, had been used as a shabby roller-skating rink before it was closed



SoHo loft in Manhattan: remodeled kitchen and living area, and the original cast-iron façade



Renovated buildings in Savannah, Ga.; below, new life for old eyecores in Sacramento's shams and Skid Row



down by the fire department in 1973. The restoration, with enthusiastic financial support from the community, has brought back a magnificent 1,500-seat concert hall in its original colors, which had been obscured under 18 layers of paint. The only major exterior change has been the addition of a lobby in the rear to accommodate fire exits; this glass-curtained annex, showing the original masonry, adds excitement to the building. The \$2.3 million cost of restoring the hall so far, including extensive mechanical installations, came to around \$50 a square foot, much less than a wholly new building would have cost.

On Louisville's historic Main Street, where four decaying blocks have been placed on the National Register of Historic Places, temporarily ensuring their survival, several abandoned hulks have already been recycled. Cited by the A.I.A. is the Louisville Museum of Natural History and Science, which consists of several buildings behind a single cast-iron façade. The interior is in fact almost entirely new construction, highlighted by a soaring five-story atrium and chrome-and-steel display space on 19 levels. The \$6 million undertaking, funded by a local bond issue, a federal grant and corporate and private donations, is a key element in state and city plans to revivify the city's crumbling waterfront with a mixture of restorations and ambitious new buildings.

St. Louis, which is also engaged in a major waterfront reclamation project as well as several residential rescues, was cited by the A.I.A. for its imaginative conversion of the St. Louis Art Museum, designed for the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair by Cass Gilbert, a leading architect of the Beaux Arts school. The airy building, with a 78-ft.-high vaulted ceiling, had over the years become so cluttered and partitioned that it looked more like a warren than a pleasure dome. Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer

## Living

Associates gutted the interior to restore the structure's openness—and in the process increased the display space by 10,000 sq. ft. Windows were added, and the walls resurfaced in soft French gray.

**C**hicago, which has lost a number of classic buildings—notably Louis Sullivan's Chicago Stock Exchange—managed to save its old public library building after several attempts to replace it with a modernistic structure. The 1897 building had long been inadequate for the central library; it was reincarnated as a branch library and a cultural center, in large part through the efforts of Mrs. Richard Daley, widow of the mayor. Though its vast mosaic-lined entrance halls and twin marble staircases leave little room for a functional library, the interior has been restored in all its original *quattrocento palazzo* splendor at a cost of \$12 million. Architect Gerrard Pook of the 99-year-old firm of Holabird & Root points out that a new central library with the necessary 300,000 sq. ft. could have been built for the same price, but many Chicagoans feel that the A.I.A. award-winning restoration is at least partial atonement for the other great buildings they have lost.

More specialized ventures recognized by the A.I.A. were the conversion of a lecture hall into gallery space and construction of an underground auditorium by Herbert S. Newman Associates at Yale's Center for American Arts, and the creation of a striking office complex within a four-story 1896 bank building in Princeton, N.J. Interestingly, Michael Graves, 44, who was responsible for the design, achieved prominence in the early 1970s as a leader of a highly theoretical group of architects specializing in abstract form. Graves has since redesigned some two dozen old buildings, and is currently converting a 1906 railway station in Millburn, N.J., into an office complex.

New York City is in the forefront of the recycling movement today, after a late start, prior to which it permitted developers to demolish such treasures as the old Metropolitan Opera House, Pennsylvania Station and the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The city has now extended historic landmark status to more than 500 individual structures and 37 historic districts encompassing 12,000 buildings.

The SoHo district in lower Manhattan is perhaps the most influential example of recycling in the U.S. Almost entirely through individual effort, SoHo (short for south of Houston Street) has been transformed from a dreary sprawl of outmoded factories and warehouses into a thriving residential district. Fortunately, the new environmental awareness of the mid-1960s coincided with a shortage of studio and gallery space for artists. Moving clandestinely at first, since the old industrial buildings were not then zoned for residential use, artists found that they could rent loft space at bargain prices; more-

over, the high-ceilinged rooms were ideal at a time when the vogue was for monumental canvases. The five-by-six-block district now has some 8,000 residents, 85 art galleries, 30 restaurants, 60 boutiques, two museums and more than a score of centers for the performing arts. The area, once known as Hell's Hundred Acres, has become, in one resident's words, "the Upper East Side of downtown Manhattan."

In terms of property values—and tax revenues—an intelligent renovation program can have a dramatic effect on a city's fortunes. One of the most striking examples is in Sacramento, where a 28-acre swath of slum and Skid Row has been lovingly restored. In 1965 the decrepit area was assessed at \$2.8 million, and values were sliding fast. Today "Old Sac," only a few blocks from the state capitol's golden dome, is conservatively assessed at \$68 million, while private and government investment in the area has exceeded \$100 million. In the process, dozens of buildings have been rehabilitated. Recalls Architect

their legacy, leaving buildings to vandalism and fire. Finally, when Isaiah Davenport House, the city's oldest building and by then a sleazy rooming house, was threatened with demolition, a group of civic-minded women banded together to become the Historic Savannah Foundation. They not only saved Davenport House—it is now a museum—but have gone on to restore more than 1,000 other buildings for residential, commercial and office use. In addition, a \$7 million federal grant has been used to rehabilitate the waterfront. Other federal funds helped restore two rows of 19th century town houses. All their efforts have changed Savannah into an illustrated walking tour and given the city a \$75 million-a-year tourist industry.

Social critics are quick to point out the dangers inherent in overly exuberant recycling. One is what planners call "boutiquefication," in which remodeled quarters tend to be filled with souvenir shops, candlemakers and T shirt dispensers. A more



In Peabody, Mass., a 19th century tannery is transformed into apartments

Also, old courthouses, railroad stations, firehouses, armories, hotels and schools.

Robert McCabe: "Ten years ago there were drunks lying in the gutters and \$10 girls hanging out the windows. Now parents bring their kids here for the afternoon." More than 160 businesses are flourishing in the area, and at least as many more are waiting for buildings to be converted. During the May jazz festival, 100,000 people jammed into the area, which in the bad old days would have had a weekend population of perhaps 300.

**W**hile recycling fervor is a fairly recent national phenomenon, one of the first large-scale, successful urban-rescue efforts was mounted as early as 1955 in Savannah, Ga. This beautiful 18th century port city, still laid out in green squares and broad avenues, boasts more than 1,500 buildings of architectural distinction, with some fine examples of Federal, Regency and Greek Revival from the 18th and 19th centuries. Yet in the early 1950s, Savannahans were abandoning

serious problem is what the English referred to as gentrification: the process by which affluent couples take over and rehabilitate rundown districts, leaving no place for their former low-rent occupants to go. This has not been allowed to happen in Savannah and other cities where minority groups, assisted by token loans, have been able to rehabilitate their own neighborhoods with sweat equity. Such programs benefit not only minorities but the cities as well.

To many citizens, city planners and architects, recycled buildings and blocks are no longer a trend but a new and rewarding way of life. Says George M. Notter Jr., chairman of this year's A.I.A. awards program for extended use: "We're a young country and we've been looking for a long time to find ourselves. Now we are just beginning to look at ourselves. When you appreciate where you've been, you have a better chance of deciding where it is you want to go."

## Books

### Riddle of a Violent Century

SOPHIE'S CHOICE by William Styron; Random House; 515 pages; \$12.95

When *The Confessions of Nat Turner* was published twelve years ago, William Styron was pilloried by some blacks and liberals. How, their attack ran, dare a white Southerner appropriate the mind and soul of a black slave? *Sophie's Choice*, Styron's first novel since then, may prompt a similar ambush. What business has an American Wasp writing about the European, chiefly Jewish, victims of the Holocaust? If taken seriously, such questions are dangerous. Areas of the imagination can be fenced off for certain groups alone only at everyone's peril. The question is not whether Styron has a right to use alien experiences but whether his novel proves that he knows what he is writing about.

In this instance, the overriding answer is yes. *Sophie's Choice* is a sprawling, uneven yet brave attempt to render the unimaginable horror of the Nazi death camps, particularly Auschwitz. This violent century can offer no greater riddle than the existence of such places. They cannot be ignored, but neither can they be considered for too long without jeopardizing sanity. Styron treads a middle course: He keeps the horror at arm's length, in the past and in another country, but offers a heroine-victim who can forget nothing.

The year is 1947, and most Americans cannot yet fully believe what the Nazis did. A young Virginian nicknamed Stingo is in New York, trying to write a first novel. He is callow in the ways of most aspiring authors but feels guilty about living off his small inheritance, since the money can be traced back to a slave sold by his family nearly a century earlier. Stingo takes a room in a Brooklyn boardinghouse and soon be-

comes involved with two other tenants: Nathan Landau, an American Jew, and Sophie Zawistowska, a Polish Gentile who bears on her arm a tattooed number from Auschwitz. Sophie is Nathan's lover, even though he flies into periodic

long hot summer. Stingo wrestles with his novel, watches a strange deterioration in his friend Nathan and becomes increasingly the confidant of Sophie. Her tale evolves slowly, hesitantly; she is riven with the guilt of a survivor. There are secrets from her days in Poland and her 20 months in Auschwitz that she cannot bear to think about, much less admit to Stingo.

The gradual unfolding of Sophie's tale is affecting and thoroughly convincing.



William Styron: attempting to render the unimaginable

*A tale of two vanquished homelands committed to a grandeur long since faded.*

rages and beats her. Stingo falls instantly in love with Sophie and becomes, against his own self-warnings, a "hapless supernumerary in some tortured melodrama."

Using Stingo as his narrator, Styron follows these three characters through

Styron gives her a core of individuality that elevates her role beyond that of a symbolic victim. True, her suffering has been freighted with irony. Her father and husband, both killed soon after the Germans invaded Poland, were vicious anti-Semites. Sophie admits that she regarded the beleaguered inhabitants of the Warsaw ghetto as a buffer that would protect her and her children. She refused to work for the Polish resistance. Her arrest was a matter of blind accident: she was caught smuggling a ham into Warsaw to give to her sick mother. At Auschwitz, she watched her young daughter being taken to the ovens.

As he listens to Sophie, Stingo is forced to consider the abyss that lies between her experiences and his own. He checks back and realizes that on the day she arrived in Auschwitz, he was stuffing himself with bananas in order to make the weight required by Marine recruiters. The disparity of memories appalls him, but he also finds parts of her experience disquietingly familiar. The slavery that was decreed at Auschwitz forces him to think hard about the slavery that existed in the American South.

#### Excerpt

Imagine, if you will, a land in which carpathaggers swarmed not for a decade or so but for millennia and you will come to understand just one aspect of a Poland stomped upon with metronomic tedium and regularity by the French, the Swedes, the Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and possessed by even such greedy incubuses as the Turks. Despoiled and exploited like the South, and like it, a poverty-ridden, agrarian, feudal society, Poland has shared with the Old South one bulwark against its immemorial humiliation, and that is pride. Pride and the recollection of vanished glories. Pride in ancestry and family name, and also, one must remember, in a largely factitious aristocracy, or nobility. In defeat both Poland and the American South bred a frenzied nationalism. Yet, indeed, even leaving aside these most powerful resemblances, which are very real and which find their origin in similar historical fountains (there should be added: an entrenched religious hegemony, authoritarian and puritanical in spirit), one discovers more superficial yet sparkling cultural correspondences: the passion for horseflesh and military titles, domination over women (along with a sulky-sly lechery), a tradition of storytelling, addiction to the blessings of firewater. And being the butt of mean jokes.





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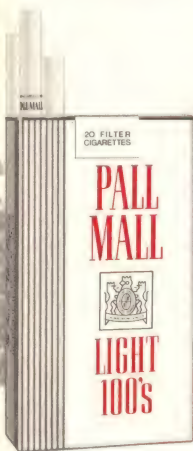
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## Books

He also perceives in Sophie's Poland an analogy to his own homeland, both vanquished, occupied, committed to a grandeur long since faded. They are both émigrés who truly can't go home again.

Nathan, the only member of this triangle who is native to Brooklyn, is curiously unconvincing. Stingo marvels at his ability to foresee such developments as the rise of the Jewish novel and the appearance of nonbreakable phonograph records. Stingo also insists that Nathan is brilliant, a surpassing mimic of the Southern drawl, and a dazzling wit. But Nathan simply does not live up to his billing ("You done knocked up mah precious baby again!") is a stray example of his humor). A character who acts and talks like a turkey is going to be taken for a turkey, no matter how often he is described as a bird of paradise.

The novel's other, though less important flaw is Styron's occasionally overripe prose. He too often lets Stingo pile up adjectives in the manner of Thomas Wolfe: "Brooklyn's greenly beautiful, homely, teeming, begrimed and incomprehensible vastness"; "A pushing and shoving freak show of angular, corpulent, lovely, mottled and undulant human flesh." True, Stingo is pictured as a beginning writer, heavily in debt to Faulkner, Wolfe and the Southern literary tradition, but Styron may preserve more redundant oratory than the effect of Stingo's youth strictly requires.

*Sophie's Choice* is an impressive achievement all the same, an example of risks taken and largely overcome. To read Sophie's tale is to enter a consciousness of depths and shadings; to share Stingo's response is to participate in an act of conscience. —Paul Gray

## Venetian Affair

TERRITORIAL RIGHTS

by Muriel Spark

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan;

240 pages; \$9.95

Twenty years and 15 novels later, Muriel Spark is as tricky as ever. At first appearance, her cool, elegant prose and witty characters seem comfortable within the traditional British comedy of manners. But with a twist of plot here and a turn of the psychological screw there, Spark sends her comedies careening off in deadlier directions. Wit becomes malice. Tea and crumpets mask terror and corruption. Ordinary lives turn bizarre and mysterious.

*Territorial Rights*, the latest of Spark's engaging deceptions, is a suspense story set in Venice and full of corruption and intrigue. Clues, coincidences and characters are linked in the sort of intricate plot that seems to come effortlessly to Spark. Robert, a student of art history and a male prostitute in Paris, ostensibly settles in



Muriel Spark

*A comedy of errors and enmities*

Venice to view the churches and paintings. But he is really there to pursue Lina, a Bulgarian refugee searching for her father's grave. The plot, and the crowd, thickens. Robert's aging male lover, his father and his father's mistress arrive, as well as a friend of Robert's mother, sent to spy on his father.

As expected, Spark's pace is swift and the dialogue crisp. Once again, she demonstrates her skill at underscoring—or undercutting—her characters with a single stroke. Robert's lover, for example, is "a man of sixty-two, with settled, sophisticated tastes and few doubts." Grace Gregory, the self-appointed private eye, is a no-nonsense Henrietta Stackpole type. "I'm a definite friend to Anthea and injury or no injury, I'm going to add insult to it." Back home in Birmingham, Wife Anthea, a study in gray, feeds her goldfish and solaces herself with boring novels. "Everyone abroad, except me," she complains. "No wonder people ask me, where is my sense of humor?"

**T**he first half of the novel is a merry comedy of errors and enmities. But when Robert unexpectedly disappears, leaving behind blackmail notes full of corrosive charges and half-truths, the tone sours. His victims are forced to face ugly personal secrets that they have tried to bury. *Territorial Rights* turns into a modern *Pardoner's Tale*, in which the laughter is double-edged and each character unwittingly exposes himself.

Spark does not quite bring off this wedding of parody and parable; she is no Evelyn Waugh. But her Venetian affair, buoyed by whimsy, is never in danger of sinking into the sea. As always, her precise images linger: "A waiter came forward with a dazzle of black and white, the black being his trousers and hair, the white being his coat, his teeth, and a napkin folded upon his wrist." This is Spark at her peerless observer, in the grand tradition of her *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *The Abbess of Crewe*.

—Annalyn Swan

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## Books

### Act Like a Lady

ONLY CHILDREN

by Alison Lurie

Random House, 257 pages, \$9.95

**W**hen the actions of adults are seen through the eyes of children, irony is the usual result. The child misinterprets, but the reader understands. So seems the situation in *Only Children*, in which a couple of nine-year-old girls watch their parents misbehave over a long country weekend.

The time is 1935, and the place is a farm in the Catskills, presided over by a formidable middle-aged woman named Anna. She is headmistress of a progressive day school, and Mary Ann and Lolly, the girls, are her students. The other adults are Mary Ann's mother Honey, a fortyish Southern belle, and her father Bill, a stuffy but decent bureaucrat who runs a Government poverty program. They are soon joined by Lolly's parents, Celia, a pretty, distracted woman in her 20s, and Dan, an easy-riding adman in his late 40s. Dan and Honey turn out to be habitual flirts, and though neither is truly interested in the other, each seems too arrogant to retreat.

Mary Ann, a bright, prickly girl, is the author's most important observer, and it might be expected that events would arrange themselves so that she could see, if not wholly comprehend, what happens to the other characters. She does see a good deal, but unfortunately she misses more. No one, for instance, knows that Dan and the cheerfully man-



Alison Lurie

*A weekend of scratchy pride*

## Books

less Anna were lovers 15 years ago.

No life is changed drastically during the highly charged weekend. Circumstances and scratchy pride keep Dan and Honey out of each other's beds. Bill and Dan fight drunkenly but patch things up the next day. Celia is weak and worried as she leaves the farm, but that is the way she arrived. Honey never alters the coquettish mask that covers a considerable intelligence. Anna endures.

So we have not had the expected: the drama of adult caperings viewed by children. Is the author simply novelizing, inventing characters and taking them for a stroll? Not really; by sunset the symbolic Sunday night, when all the characters disperse, Lurie has made a strong and subtle point. The book's '30s setting is a clue: Why not 1979? Because the author's intention is to show the narrow range of adult female behavior that was on view to a girl of four decades ago. Men were defined in terms of their jobs and women in terms of their men—or lack of them. Celia was an adman's wife; insecurity was her way of life. Honey had nothing to do except tease. Anna, the strongest adult around, was considered eccentric because she believed that love was a trap. Little Mary Ann went home with sour choices ahead of her, and a headful of dissatisfactions that would not come clear until she herself was middle-aged. The novel is a sketch of these hurts in their nascent state, and it is surprisingly forceful.

—John Skow

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

- 1 The Matarrese Circle, Ludlum (1 last week)
- 2 Good as Gold, Heller (2)
- 3 War and Remembrance, Wouk (5)
- 4 The Island, Benchley (8)
- 5 Hanta Yo, Hill (3)
- 6 Overload, Hailey (7)
- 7 The Third World War, Hackett, et al. (4)
- 8 SS-GB, Deighton (10)
- 9 Chesapeake, Michener
- 10 Sleepless Nights, Hardwick

### NONFICTION

- 1 The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, Tarnower & Baker (1)
- 2 The Powers That Be, Halberstam (2)
- 3 Lauren Bacall by Myself, Bacall (3)
- 4 How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, Ruff (5)
- 5 The Bronx Zoo, Lyle & Goldenbock (4)
- 6 The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, Pritikin with McGrady (6)
- 7 To Set the Record Straight, Strica (7)
- 8 The Medusa and the Snail, Thomas
- 9 The Winner's Circle, Conn
- 10 How to Get Everything You Want out of Life, Brothers (10)

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# Cinema

## Neat Flick

**THE SILENT PARTNER**

*Directed by Daryl Duke*

*Screenplay by Curtis Hanson*

It is Christmas time, and the bank clerk, a lonely, smart, mild-mannered fantasist, is suspicious of the Santa Claus working the shopping-center plaza just outside his glass doors. It looks to him as if old Santy is about to pull a heist and that the clerk's till is his likely target. He confides his suspicion to no one, and when the stickup finally occurs, the teller simply diverts some of the loot from the robber's outstretched hand and into his own briefcase. By permitting the authorities to think the thief got away with much more than he really did, the clerk imagines, he will be able to abscond with more than half the booty. That will add up to some very nice new specimens for his tropical-fish collection.

It is a neat and believable scheme, the heart of a neat and suspenseful little film. The clerk (played by a subdued but still witty Elliott Gould) has not reckoned with the sadistic vengefulness of his unwitting accomplice (a thoroughly nasty Christopher Plummer). Soon he is being harassed, with ever increasing violence that begins with scary phone calls and ends in brutal murder. Gould mobilizes himself, moving in persuasively small stages from quiet clerk to man of action forced to deal with the consequences of fantasy. The inevitable duel, cool brain vs. hot brawn, is well developed, with genuinely surprising twists that do not

violate the movie's finely tuned logic.

Even better, writer and director take time to explore not only Gould's character but his relationships with his fellow employees at the bank. Among them is Susannah York, who is one of the few leading ladies whose sexiness is mature, genuine and likable. Her missed-signals romance with the understandably distracted Gould helps ground this film in a recognizable reality. But everyone here has an existence outside the plot, and as a result we become enmeshed in this film as we rarely do in crime pictures.

Director Duke has a gift for this sort of thing. A few years ago, in the underattended *Payday*, he did a shrewd study of a small-time country singer whose melodramatic, violent character was rendered believable because of the man's roots in the milieu Duke carefully sketched in. In the same way, an improbable crime story becomes painfully plausible, thanks to the selective realism with which its story is told. There is one torture sequence that goes too far in its violence for the context, but on the whole this is as satisfying an entertainment as there is around at the movies just now.

—Richard Schickel

## Mixed Double

**THE PRISONER OF ZENDA**

*Directed by Richard Quine*

*Screenplay by Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais*

At the start, one imagines that this movie is a parody remake of a beloved old movie (based in turn on the even more antique romantic novel by Anthony Hope). Doubtless that is what everyone originally intended. But either the story is so strong and appealing that it resists parody, or else the moviemakers did not, in the end, have the heart to tear its delicious old passions to tatters—who can say? Anyway, the picture that has emerged is a mild diversion, agreeable but not very funny and not very exciting. Chucklesome is probably the word for it.

The story is as ever. The crown prince of a mythical country is under threat of assassination on the eve of his coronation because his wicked half brother wants the throne for himself. An Englishman who is a perfect double for the man who would be king is recruited to stand in for him, drawing the evil-doer's fire until the sibling and his cohorts can be undone. In a tale of this sort, there is an irreducible minimum of suspense and action, which really cannot be satirized, lest all tension be drained from the plot. There is also a certain essential nobility of character that cannot be bleached out of the double's personality, lest all belief in these improbable doings be lost. The result is that Peter Sellers, in the key double role, must play



**Sellers in *The Prisoner of Zenda***

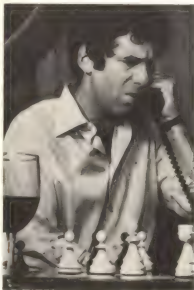
*Lost in an antique romance.*

his part as the substitute king very straight. In this version he is not a gentleman, but a London hansom cab driver. Sellers makes something quite affecting of this honest workman, intruding his democratic values and lower-class common sense on Middle European court politics at the turn of the century. Sellers must save his best comic efforts for the prince's role. He makes him into a perfect wit, a gambling, womanizing, cowardly wastrel, complete with an absolutely splendid lisp that is as loonily effective as Inspector Clouseau's fractured French.

Such outright farce as the film contains is confined to a sort of decorative frieze of character actors surrounding the main action. The most effective is Gregory Sierra as a husband continually cuckolded and perpetually seeking revenge on the prince. Sierra is usually assaulting the wrong man entirely, ending up with his schemes backfiring on him—a sort of Wile E. Coyote in human form. Most of this comedy turns out to be perfunctory, as is Director Quine's handling of the straight action scenes. There is an unnerving feeling that most of the performers would like to do more than they are called on to do, that there is a potential here for dizziness that was never quite appreciated. Certainly more gags, both visual and verbal, are called for than the writers supplied.

The film does gently remind us of past pleasures, now missed, and it is rather handsomely produced. Maybe, since its creators lack a true—that is to say Mel Brooksian—gift for parody, they would have done better to play the whole thing straight and let us have our nostalgia unalloyed.

—R.S.



**Gould in *The Silent Partner***

*Caught in a lonely-guy fantasy*

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## Time Essay

# The Politics of the Box Populi

No one has ever decided what television is really supposed to be for. Is the wondrous box meant to entertain? To educate? To instruct? To anesthetize? The medium, in its sheer unknowable possibilities, seems to arouse extreme reactions: contempt for its banal condition as the ghetto of the sitcom, or else grandiose metaphysical ambitions for a global village. The tube is Caliban and Prospero, cretin and magician. "What makes television so frightening," writes Critic Jeff Greenfield, "is that it performs all the functions that used to be scattered among different sources of information and entertainment." Television could, if we let it, electronically consolidate all of our culture—theater, ballet, concerts, newspapers, magazines and possibly most conversation. It is a medium of eerie and disconcerting power; one college professor conducted a two-year study that asked children aged four to six: "Which do you like better, TV or Daddy?" Forty-four percent of the kids said that they preferred television.

An old question keeps recurring: Who should control so pervasive a force? A Civil Rights Commission report last winter on the role of minorities on television complained that women, blacks and others, including Hispanics, Pacific Island Americans, American Indians and even Alaskan natives are underrepresented in or virtually absent from TV dramas. Composed in a spirit of bureaucratic pedantry, the report suggested that the Federal Communications Commission should lean on the networks a bit by formulating rules that would "encourage greater diversity."

The argument is simplest if it turns on TV purely as entertainment, with no intent larger than diversion. On that basis, the laissez-faire system of the ratings possesses absolute logic: the people decide, voting with their channel selectors. What works as diversion will presumably be highest rated and therefore most successful. But

there is a fallacy here: a laissez-faire principle of rule by ratings would be admirable if a wide variety of choices existed. Too many network shows are devoted almost entirely to exploring new dimensions of imbecility. That seems an old and boringly elitist criticism of TV, but it acquires fresh force, even urgency, if one sits through a few hours of *Supertain*, *The Ropers* and *The \$1.98 Beauty Show*.

Television drama—leaving aside the question of TV news, whose effects are a different phenomenon altogether—becomes more complicated when it is considered as a medium of persuasion, the little electronic proscenium alive with potentially sinister ideological glints. In years past, American TV has been considered a moderately conservative influence. From the suburban complacencies of Ozzie and Harriet through the vanquishing six-gun authority of Sheriff Matt Dillon, TV entertainment seemed an elaborate gloss on the status quo.

A sometime television writer, Ben Stein, claims, on the contrary, to see in TV entertainment an infestation of liberal chic. In *The View from Sunset Boulevard*, Stein argues that, each night in its prime-time sitcom diet, the vast American TV audience receives near lethal doses of liberalism from a small band of some 200 Hollywood writers and producers, who exercise a preposterously disproportionate influence in TV's almost subliminal channels of opinion making.

The message of this liberal chic, according to Stein, is, among other things, both antibusiness and antimilitary. The thrust of

CBS's top-rated *M\*A\*S\*H*, for example, is that the Army is constantly trying to get as many people killed as possible, to burn down villages, to separate loved ones. Small towns fare badly on the tube, according to Stein. The *Bad Day at Black Rock* syndrome applies: repeated episodes of peaceful, postcard towns in which something terribly evil is afoot.

Despite this interpretation, most programs obey no pat formula. *Battlestar Galactica*, for example, seems to teach a rigorously militaristic sort of watchfulness; the peacemakers tend to be soft tools with good intentions. On the durable detective show *Hawaii Five-O*, the hero McGarrett exhibits some of J. Edgar Hoover's least attractive qualities. Many shows are almost entirely innocent of meaning: What is the political content of *Mork & Mindy*? What can the bizarre *Incredible Hulk* signify except perhaps an adolescent's fantasies of puissance and rage?

In fact, it would be extremely difficult for a Sunset Boulevard conspiracy to retail a coherent party line even if it wished.

Says Michael Jay Robinson, a political scientist at Washington's Catholic University: "Programming is really a sausage—created by grinding together the values of the producers, a few dozen formula plots, network perceptions about audience, and the implied guidelines given by the censors, affiliates, FCC and even the National Association of Broadcasters. And, obviously, the ratings." The National PTA exerts a heavy influence against violence. Since kids so often control the dial, the low audience age dictates a certain level of abject foolishness.

■ ■ ■

The operating politics of television has an unexpected subtlety. Through the mid and late '70s, a procession of shows like *All in the Family*, *Maude*, *Three's Company* and *Laverne & Shirley* has promoted a progressive, permissive, liberalized attitude toward such previously untouchable subjects as premarital sex and homosexuality.

But, as Robinson suggests, a complex crisscross may have occurred: while television may indeed have coaxed Americans to shift leftward in social matters, the nation seems at the same time to have moved a bit to the right politically. These movements aside, it may well be that television's greatest consequence has been to impart sheer velocity to ideas and fads. From anti-war protests to disco dancing, such trends tend to start on the coasts and then get transfused with astonishing speed into the life of the heartland between. TV thus serves to obliterate regional and local distinctions, to create national social values.

This powerful national theater does not often rise to its responsibilities. A certain grotesque *Gong Show* brand of schlock-peddling could be forgiven if it were not for the stupefying dimensions of the American TV habit. The average household's TV set runs six hours a day. Although television does useful service in informing and entertaining, its strange power is bound to arouse a great deal of spiritual disquiet. People may expect too much of TV. It will never replace the printed word as an instrument of thought. Its entertainment side may ultimately be rescued from mediocrity by technological diversifications into cable TV, video-tape recorders, video disc and other elaborate equipment. The new technology will bring a greater selection—and thus a wider, though more personal, choice—to the audience. It is possible, of course, that this could mean that a public already besotted with the tube might become even further enslaved by it.

—Lance Morrow



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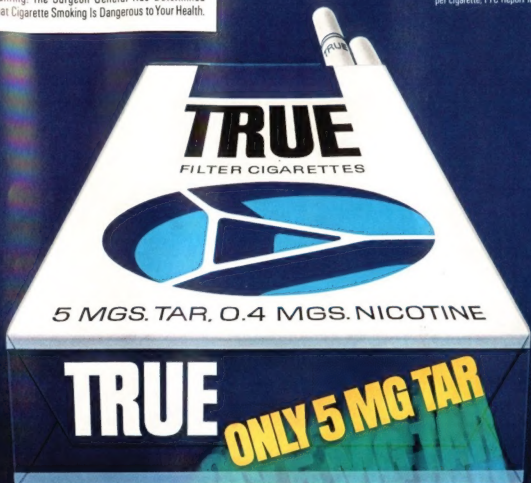
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